

Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1900

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*T*READ softly here, as ye would tread
In presence of the honored dead,
With reverent step and low-bowed head.

Speak low — as low as ye would speak
Before some saint of grandeur meek
Whose favor ye would humbly seek.

Within these walls the very air
Seems weighted with a fragrance rare,
Like incense burned at evening prayer.

Here may we sit and converse bold
With those whose names in ages old
Were in the book of fame enrolled.

Here under poet's power intense
We leave the world of sound and sense,
Where mortals strive with problems dense,
And mount to realms where fancy, free,
Above our poor humanity,
Roams in a joyous ecstasy.

Or if through history's maze we tread,
The hero, patriot, long since dead,
Whose great heart for his country bled,

Seems once again to work and fight
In superstition's darkest night
For God, his fellows, and the right.

Enough! mere words can never tell
The influence of the grateful spell
Which seems among these books to dwell.

BOOK NUMBER

E. L. MOORE

WHAT LASELL DOES FOR ITS GIRLS

It might seem extravagant to say that Lasell does everything for its girls that a beautiful, strong and well-equipped woman needs, but this is exactly what it aims to do. It receives those who are admitted to its halls with a generous hospitality and proceeds with the utmost carefulness and earnestness to develop the best in each girl.

It is a first truth, deliberately chosen and consistently followed by the school, that the most essential part of an education for girls is womanhood itself. Accordingly every means is used to accomplish this result. From first to last, private conversations, general talks, in chapel and elsewhere, class-room instruction and school oversight, keep this end constantly in view. No pains is spared to render desirable and attractive those personal traits and qualities of character that mean so much in the home, church and social life.

It has often been said that Lasell was a pioneer in emphasizing the need of physical culture for women as an essential part of a good education. It has had no occasion to regret its early history. Years of experience and the commendations of pupils and parents have abundantly demonstrated its wisdom, even if that were not self-evident. The gymnasium, with its carefully adjusted exercises, is as much a part of daily work as the class-room. Regular walking for all and military drill, swimming, boating, lawn tennis and golf for all who desire, produce vigorous bodies, a fine carriage, and enlarged physical resources for coming years.

The sphere for which Lasell particularly undertakes to prepare its pupils is that department of life for which generally any preparation is thought to be entirely sufficient. It does not underestimate the value of the professions, but it recognizes the fact that the home and social sphere will still continue to make greatest demands upon the masses of the women. It believes that the qualities of the women exalted to this immensely important position will have most to do with the destiny of the nation. For a professional career, the art of cooking, housekeeping, dressmaking, house-decoration and a multitude of other things for which Lasell stands may seem extremely prosaic, but for the highest success in home-making they have an intrinsic value. When they are united in the person of the ideal woman there is nothing more beautiful and appropriate in the social life of today.

The usual school work is intended to be of the first order. A well-selected faculty, covering all the departments of study and numbering more than thirty, with lecturers on various practical subjects, is certainly a guarantee of the kind of work done. In the literary departments or in the fine arts a high standard of excellence is demanded. Good scholarship and artistic skill are always kept before the minds of the pupils.

The past history of the school and its present prosperous condition with more applications for admission than could be considered show that the claims of Lasell are met to the satisfaction of patrons and friends.

C. W. GALLAGHER,
Vice-principal.

WHY NOT?

Why not, on an average, at least two new-century subscribers for ZION'S HERALD from every church in the New England Conference by Jan. 1, 1901? ZION'S HERALD makes its readers more intelligent Methodists, more appreciative, more loyal, more spiritual, more consecrated.

WHY NOT?

Enclosed are the names of two new ones from Bethany Church.

Yours Faithfully,

A. H. NAZARIAN.

Roslindale, Mass.

TWENTIETH CENTURY THANK OFFERING

Gifts and Subscriptions to Schools

REV. E. M. MILLS, D. D.

UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES

Albion College, \$30,000; Allegheny College, \$48,000; American University, \$164,000; Baldwin University, \$12,000; * Boston University, \$100,000; Charles City College, \$10,899; Claflin University, \$25,000; Clark University, \$1,000; Cornell College, \$241,000; Dakota University, \$6,000; De Pauw University, \$150,000; Drew Theological, \$10,000; Dickinson College, \$35,000; Fort Worth University, \$4,900; Grant University, \$21,000; Hamline University, \$100,000; Hedding College, \$1,000; Illinois Wesleyan University, \$40,000; Iowa Wesleyan University, \$31,000; Lawrence University, \$4,680; McKendree College, \$34,481; Missouri Wesleyan College, \$25,000; Moore's Hill College, \$6,000; Morning Side College, \$55,000; Nebraska Wesleyan University, \$6,000; Ohio Wesleyan University, \$505,400; Portland University, \$525; Red River University, \$12,000; Rust University, \$1,500; Simpson College, \$16,965; Southwest Kansas College, \$2,808; Syracuse University, \$102,000; Taylor University, 1,500; University of Denver, \$52,000; University of Southern California, \$3,000; * University of the Pacific, \$23,105; Upper Iowa University, \$20,000; Wesleyan University, \$20,000; Wiley University, \$5,260; * School not named, \$117,500; Board of Education, \$36,265; W. F. M. S. (schools), \$118,720; total, \$2,601,708.

SEMINARIES AND ACADEMIES

Albuquerque College, \$7,000; Beaver College and Musical Institute, \$23,936; Centenary Collegiate Institute, \$65,000; East Greenwich Academy, \$9,791; East Maine Conference Seminary, \$2,000; Fort Edward Collegiate Institute, \$1,300; Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, \$1,000; George R. Smith College, \$200; Grand Prairie Seminary, \$97,500; Illinois College for Women, \$8,000; Lasell Seminary for Young Women, \$1,000; Mallett Seminary, \$1,500; Marion Collegiate Institute, \$4,000; Meridian Academy, \$250; Montana Wesleyan University, \$9,000; Morristown Normal College, \$31,000; New Hampshire Conference Seminary, \$128,000; Pennington Seminary, \$41,000; Philadelphia Collegiate Institute, \$1,900; St. Paul's College, \$8,000; Troy Conference Academy, \$8,000; * Wesleyan Academy, \$12,000; Western Reserve Seminary, \$453; West Virginia Conference Seminary, \$18,000; Williamsport Dickinson Seminary, \$4,000; Wilmington Conference Academy, \$10,000; Wyoming Seminary, \$47,000; total, \$540,890. Grand total, \$3,142,598.

* Conditional.

For philanthropies and charities \$750,000 has been raised, and \$4,300,000 has been paid on church debts, making a grand total of \$8,192,598.

It will be noticed that I make no report or estimate of what has been raised for city evangelization, Conference claimants, or specific gifts to missions, though quite considerable sums have been raised for these objects.

Will the stewards of Annual Conferences report to me immediately what has been given or subscribed in their respective Conferences for the endowment of the Conference claimant funds since Jan. 1, 1890? Some colleges and seminaries have sent in no report since April.

If all presidents and agents of educational and philanthropic institutions report to me the last week in December, early in the new year I will let the church know how much must be raised in 1901.

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Zion's Herald

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Zion's Herald

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor

GEORGE E. WHITAKER, Publisher

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

Twelve Reasons for Thanksgiving

The day set apart for national thanksgiving and praise was never more generally and generously celebrated than it was last week. In a speech at Philadelphia, at the beginning of the week, President McKinley, after his inimitable manner, gave these twelve blessings guaranteed as the result of the Presidential election: The unquestioned endorsement of the gold standard, broader markets, commercial expansion, reciprocal trade, an open door in China, inviolability of public faith, independence and authority of the judiciary, peace and beneficent government in the Philippines, unimpaired American credit, unimpeached American name, unsullied honor of American arms, unrepudiated obligations of a righteous war. This is certainly a splendid catalogue, and not the least of the remarkable things in connection with it is the fact that every one of these blessings is shared alike by North and South, East and West.

Constitution-Making in Cuba

The delegates to the Constitutional Convention in Havana are making progress. While their methods are not those of the Anglo-Saxon, there is no occasion for haste. They are somewhat limited in models from the fact that the island is a traditional unity, while the organic laws of most modern republics establish a federation of States for the most part independent. France affords the best model for their study, and it is not unlikely that the Cuban Constitution will be largely shaped by that of the French Republic. It is still a question whether the conditions under which the franchise may be exercised should be a part of the constitution, but the probabilities indicate that the delegates will decide it in the affirmative. The war freed the island from the incubus of a debt of \$300,000,000 which Spain had borrowed on her credit, and after their experience with taxes to pay interest it ought to take but little persuasion to induce the delegates to place in their new charter of liberty adequate limitations of the power to create debt. It may well and properly avoid the necessity of maintaining an army or a navy by including a provision that the United

States protect it from the aggression of foreign Powers.

Jubaland

The British have a protectorate of four provinces in East Africa: The Coast Province, Jubaland, Ukamba and Tanaland. The province of Jubaland borders on the Indian Ocean and the Juba River. Its seaport is Kismayu, about five hundred miles north-east of Zanzibar, at the mouth of the river which gives name to the province. The capital of the protectorate is Mombaza, which is about 120 miles from Zanzibar, and reinforcements have been sent from this point. The report is that 4,000 Somalis have risen against British rule. They are a warlike race and have previously caused the British considerable trouble. The country is so well provided with railways and telegraph lines that Great Britain will probably have no great difficulty in maintaining her authority.

Pacification Problems

In China Von Waldersee reports that numerous expeditions which he has made are gradually bringing about "the desired pacification of the country." He adds that many remote villages are invoking his protection against the Boxers. If the accounts which we have received of German outrages are reliable, the Boxers must certainly have most extraordinary practices if the Germans are preferred. Down in South Africa Lord Roberts has a pacification problem of such magnitude that he has called for 8,000 picked men to replace those who have been disabled in their conflicts with the Boers. If we remember that the British armed force in that part of the world far outnumber the entire white population of the South African Republic, we shall understand that the numerically insignificant farmers of the Transvaal are a most refractory lot of people to pacify. The United States has a work of pacification in the Philippines, and the latest reports are that this pacification will be pressed with a vigor that has not obtained since the battle of Manila Bay. It is pointed out that Porto Rico, under the beneficent rule of General Henry, and Cuba, under the wise government of General Wood, have made rapid progress. This suggests the thought that the problem of pacification depends largely on the character and ability of the pacificator.

Unsuccessful Secession

About ten days ago it was announced that the Republic of Acre had sent a Minister to this country. The geographies and political hand-books do not contain the name of any such political division, but it was explained that some Brazilians, searching for rubber in the remote

forests of Bolivia, settled in a promising place and began tapping the rubber trees. The taxes imposed by Bolivia were said to be so high that there was no profit in the industry, and the business men rebelled, set up a form of government, and elected a Spaniard named Galvez as president of the Republic of Acre. He could not raise much of a fighting force, and hearing that Bolivian troops were on their way to Acre, he returned to Madrid, where he has since died. One Rodriguez Aries succeeded him, but not long afterwards the Bolivian army reached Acre, and the Republic of Acre came to an untimely end last August, after a fitful existence of only eight months, according to the Bolivian Minister at Washington.

New York Thoroughly Aroused

Bishop Potter followed his letter to the Mayor of New York with a sermon in St. Paul's, last Friday week, on "God and the City." An immense throng gathered to listen as he pleaded with rare eloquence for immediate and persistent effort to deliver the city from the reign of vice and crime. There were no sweeping denunciations, no tragic appeals, no signs of dismay, in prospect of the herculean task. Rarely has there been seen such implicit faith in God and in the better sentiment of the people than is to be found in the optimistic spirit in which he pointed out the hosts ready to follow wise leadership:

"There are burning with zeal and enthusiasm and a high purpose of sacrifice in this great city today great multitudes of men and women; they are of different religions, they must forget that; they are of different nationalities, they must forget that; they are of different political associations, most of all they must forget that; and if, having reached that point, we could find three or five men whom all of us trusted and believed in (there are hundreds of them), and say to these three or five men, 'Now, then, tell us what you want us to do, where you want us to stand, what relation you want our party or our church or organization to bear to the betterment of New York, we will trust your judgment, we will follow your lead, — the work is done.'"

On the following Tuesday there was a public meeting in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce. Admission was by invitation, and when every available inch of space had been utilized, hundreds remained standing in the corridors for hours. Here the venerable ex-Mayor Hewitt told for the first time his experience in persuading the police to do their duty in the protection of the innocent against the ravages to which a shameless corruption had exposed them. He said the mayor was responsible, and that if Croker would cable Van Wyck to order the police force to obey the law, there would be a speedy reformation. As a result of this meeting a committee of fif-

teen was appointed, and the men selected to serve on this committee are men to whom the welfare of any city may safely be committed. No one of them is a politician, and there is not a single aspirant for office among them. The friends of good government are aroused and encouraged, and they are at last determined to destroy the power that protects vice, no matter whether it identifies itself with Croker in Tammany Hall or Platt at Albany, or both these political leaders. The eyes of the people are opened to see that the claim of Tammany that all measures of reform were in the interests of the well-to-do, while it was the friend of the poor, is false. They know the ghastly price they have been made to pay because of political corruption that has been fattening from the revenues of vice, and the shameless violation of all the rights of decency which is flaunted in the faces of their innocent wives and children. As Prof. Felix Adler said: "They are crying out to us to do something to protect our sisters and our little children." He also declared that Tammany itself was appalled at the horrid abyss of evil which had opened in the city, and that many of the leaders confessed that the evil had gone far beyond the limits within which they had hoped to restrain it. There are already signs of a coming host to heed the exhortation with which Bishop Potter closed his sermon:

"Get yourselves, then, on your knees in the noonday meetings of this chapel, or in whatever way you may, pray God that He will open your eyes; pray to Him for all the power of His Son, and let kindle in you the flame of a divine indignation and keep it burning with the enduring power of a divine and unflinching sacrifice."

Excessive Cost of Volunteers

The act of March 2, 1899, provided for a force of 35,000 volunteers to serve not later than June 30, 1901. That it would have been much better to provide for an army adequate to the necessities of circumstances then and now existing, is evident from the fact that the expense of transportation will amount to more than sixteen million dollars, which might have been saved, but for the necessity of complying with the requirement that all the volunteers should be discharged on the date indicated. After much discussion it has been decided to ask Congress to pass a law providing for a regular army of 60,000 officers and men, which may be increased by the President to 100,000 during the present exigencies of the service, or until other legislation is enacted. There will be fifteen regiments of cavalry, thirty regiments of infantry, a corps of artillery, and miscellaneous organizations, as now existing. A chaplain is provided for each regiment and twelve for the artillery corps — fifty-seven in all.

Assaulting the Poles

If present plans are carried out, next year will witness the most determined effort that has ever been attempted in the frozen regions which surround the poles. One Norwegian and two American expeditions are now in Arctic regions, and six others are announced for next year. There are also three expeditions going to the Antarctic. Public interest at the

present time settles in the avowed purpose of Peary to make a dash for the north pole in the early spring; and in the work of the Norwegian, Sverdrup, who is contemplating a thorough exploration of the northern and eastern coasts of Greenland. Both of these expeditions have already been in the Arctic for two years. The Russian attempt, under Admiral Makaroff, will be something unique in that his ship will be constructed as a mammoth icebreaker. The results of all these efforts cannot fail to add much to our knowledge of the unknown regions to which so many brave men have devoted (and not a few have sacrificed) their lives. The expedition to the Antarctic will be undertaken by the British, Germans and Scotch; they will work in conjunction, and their researches will be purely scientific.

Ubiquitous DeWet

The Boer General DeWet won the sobriquet of "ubiquitous" early in the war. Last week he gave proof that he has lost nothing of the qualities which gained him the title, by descending on an English garrison, capturing 400 troops, and getting away with stores, prisoners and guns. This descent has sent a feeling of alarm through Great Britain, and the new Parliament which meets this week will be confronted with some very grave problems. It is said that half the towns which the British have garrisoned in South Africa are in no better condition to resist attack than the one which was lately captured. The difficulty of running down the Boer general, policing the farming district and checking the Dutch disaffection, may be understood when it is remembered that the area of British South Africa, including the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, is 379,341 square miles — more than nine times the area of Luzon. Lord Roberts has been relieved by Kitchener, who will immediately increase his mounted police force to 50,000 men, and as rapidly as possible will convert the most of his troops into light cavalry. There is no doubt that he will inaugurate the most severe methods.

President McKinley's Fourth Annual Message

The President's Message is of unusual length, but of absorbing interest. It will have many readers, both because of the importance of the subjects of which it treats, and the felicity of expression which characterizes it. It reviews the history of the difficulties in China, and ascribes them to the character and traditions of the people whose instincts are opposed to everything that is modern or foreign. The troubles have been brewing for many years, violations of treaty rights have been common, and foreigners have been subjected to all sorts of indignities. It has been the steady policy of the Administration to unite the Powers, to preserve the integrity of China, and to maintain the open door. The President favors the suggestion of Russia to leave the settlement of indemnities to the court of Arbitration at The Hague, unless some compromise can be speedily agreed upon. The tone of the message is hopeful at this point, and the policy of the Administration is perfectly just, open and above board. Progress towards pacification has been made in the

Philippines, local government is working satisfactorily, and the outlook is encouraging. Porto Rico is treated sparingly, but emphasis is given to the necessity of ascertaining the quantity, quality and location of lands of which the title was vested in the Spanish Crown when the islands were ceded to us. The President announces that when the Cubans shall have agreed upon a Constitution it will be sent to Congress for its ratification. Among the recommendations are: reduction of \$30,000,000 in internal revenue taxes; immediate action for the promotion of American shipping and foreign commerce; complete establishment of the frontier line to which we are entitled by the treaty under which Alaska was ceded to us; compliance with the restrictions proposed for the regulation of the liquor traffic in Africa, and an extension of its provisions to include the uncivilized peoples, especially in the Western Pacific; a convention to facilitate the construction of the Nicaragua Canal by securing the consent of Great Britain to such modification of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty as will prevent future misunderstandings; action on the various reciprocity treaties now before the Senate; amendment of the alien contract law; provision for a Pacific cable; and adequate legislation for the army and navy. The Message closes with a warning against governmental extravagance to which there is unusual temptation in these prosperous times, and an exhortation "to keep always in mind that the foundation of our Government is liberty; its superstructure, peace."

Europe via the Orient

A British steamer was recently chartered at Portland, Oregon, to take a cargo of wheat to Europe via the Orient and the Suez Canal. This is something decidedly novel in the transportation of wheat, but, should the experiment succeed, other steamers will follow. The steamer has a capacity of 9,000 tons; she will take 3,000 tons of wheat, and will use the remaining space for freight bound to Yokohama, Kobe, Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore and Colombo. There is always a large local traffic between these ports, and it is believed that paying freight can be secured at each one of them. On the return trip the originators of the plan declare that there is always plenty of freight from Europe to the Orient, and that they will be able to secure full cargoes. The experiment will be watched with interest.

Events Worth Noting

President Krueger, after his most enthusiastic reception in France, went to Cologne, intending to go from there to Berlin. Being informed that the Kaiser would not receive him, he went from Cologne to Holland.

Senator Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota, died in St. Paul, last week. He was chairman of the committee on Foreign Relations, and one of the commissioners who negotiated the treaty of peace with Spain. Few men in the Senate equaled him in ability.

The U. S. S. Yosemite was wrecked near Guam by a typhoon which swept over the island carrying destruction and destitution to its inhabitants. Prompt relief was at once despatched from Manila.

Porfirio Diaz was inaugurated President of the Republic of Mexico last Saturday for the fifth consecutive term of four years.

THE APPROPRIATION OF LIFE

THE old conception of this earthly life, from the Christian's standpoint, was that of a constant and rigorous giving-up. The more renunciation, the greater sanctification; the more self-denial, the completer spiritual victory; the more utter one's withdrawal from the world, the whiter his sainthood. To turn one's back upon the present life, with all its allurements, its secular opportunities, its material rewards, was accounted the surest way to turn one's face heavenward.

A strange misapprehension of life, surely, and one which has, thank God! almost entirely disappeared in these days of broader mental outlook and deeper spiritual interpretation. Think of man's presuming to despise a world for which God cares so much, in which He so evidently delights, and for the preparation and perfection of which He has spent so many æons of time! Think of affecting to despise or slight a Nature whose humblest flowers have been patterned and colored in the Divine Mind, and for whose very sparrows the Lord is tenderly and perpetually watchful! Further still, what a strange misconception, to denounce and condemn the worldly affairs of men, which go to the making of history, God's great and wonderful and beneficent method of educating and developing the human race and redeeming the earth!

No longer, let us be thankful, is it considered the Christian principle to renounce this world. A new principle has arisen—instead of renunciation, *appropriation*. Seize upon this glorious, beautiful, fruitful world, is the injunction of modern Christianity; make it yours, make it Christ's. Take hold of business—make it holy with the right spirit; make it the exponent and the test of noble virtues; make it the powerful servant of Christ's kingdom. Take hold of pleasure—make it pure; make it wholesome; add the sunshine of it to life. Take hold of politics—cleanse them, exalt them; help them to conform to and follow the great lines of historical development that God has been laying down through the centuries. Take hold of Nature—make friends with her, enjoy her; count it not unjustifiable idleness—as did our fathers—to wander in the woods, to watch the birds, and to cull the flowers. This is the new conception. Take hold of every manifestation and function of this great, many-sided, exuberant life of the natural world and the world of man. Everything is good, if properly used and applied. There is nothing in all God's creation that needs to be renounced, except sin; and sin is merely the improper use of created things.

Of all men, the Christian ought to be the most life-abounding, the most tolerant and widely sympathetic. Most significantly and sincerely may he declare: "Nothing that is germane to life is foreign to me." To appropriate everything that has in it the possibility of good, and to put it to its best use, is the mission of the Christian man or woman in this world; not to turn one's back on earthly things, but to throw one's arms around them, and, as some poet has said, "love them into loveliness." It is indeed a whole-

some and pleasant thing to meet a man or a woman with these wide, unreserved sympathies!

THE ART OF READING

THERE are many kinds of readers. There is every conceivable variety of things to be read. And it is by no means easy to read to the best advantage, or to make the most of the time that can be spared for books. It is not possible to read more than a certain limited number of volumes. A few thousands is about all that the most diligent devourer of the printed page can get through in a long life. What a pity, then, that he should not get more solid value out of the hours that he devotes to this extremely important occupation! A professor of books and reading seems to be much wanted. Few learn, from merely casual hints, their highest use. Many people make shipwreck on the infinite sea of printer's ink. Simply to absorb print without cessation and without discrimination is not a particularly laudable thing. Mrs. Browning once said: "The *ne plus ultra* of intellectual indolence is the reading of books. It comes next to what the Americans call *whittling*." Goethe is reported to have remarked: "I have been fifty years trying to learn how to read, and I have not learned yet." How many, then, of common men may be accounted to have mastered the art?

It is as easy to read too much as to read too little. Perhaps almost as many err in one direction as in the other. Some do not care to exercise or improve their mind, so they read—read, that is, what is trivial and silly, if not what is actually polluting and positively injurious. It may be granted that one benefit conferred by books is to furnish rest and recreation for those who are weary and perplexed, or exhausted by toil. Books are a refuge from sorrow and misfortune, a comfort and consolation in times of distress; they bring smiles to faces clouded by trouble, and divert the attention that otherwise might be too steadily fixed on pain and grief. But this fact should not be made an excuse for gorging and debilitating a healthy brain by excessive amounts of that which cannot nourish, by a settled habit of aimless, promiscuous, vapid reading which is only a form of idleness.

Quality is of far more importance than quantity. The immense multiplication of cheap reading matter, while commonly esteemed one of the glories of our time and land, has very serious drawbacks; and even the art of printing has not been a gift wholly unmixed with evil. It may easily become a clog on the progress of the human mind if not used with judgment and self-control. It has been said of some that they gave so much time to the minds of other men that they never found leisure to look into their own mind, and that they piled so many books upon their head that their brains could not move. Who doubts that it was a blessing in the case of Lincoln and some others that they had so few books in their earlier years? Some are simply smothered by the weight of their accumulations; they do not possess their knowledge, they are possessed by it; they do not master their books, they are mastered

by them. Great piles of fuel put out a little fire, though they only make a great fire burn brightly. When the mind is really on fire any and all material will feed the flame. But reading will do very little good to a mind which is sluggish, not thoroughly awake and alive. Books give the mind stuff to work with, ideas, facts, sentiments, of which it is almost as bad to have too much as too little. Books are the tools of knowledge, to be used like any other tools for the production of some result.

The voracious reader, who races at express speed through whatever comes along, each volume wiping out the impression produced by its predecessor, is not a model for imitation. The best reader is he, both thoughtful and purposeful, who reads to stimulate his mind that it may go to work on its own account, to gather stores of information that he may have material to work upon, to purify his taste, improve his style, broaden his sympathies, enlarge his usefulness, and increase his power. He is glad to read quite often what he does not fully agree with, that he may be roused to intellectual combat which will impart vigor to his reasoning faculties. He delights also to read very frequently those great poetical productions which expand his emotions, impart wings to his imagination, and teach him both how to observe nature and how to comprehend the human heart. Such an one reads with close attention, reads a good deal aloud, reads with some system, and while not altogether neglecting the current literature of the day, reads the solid, supreme books.

He makes a mistake who permits himself to scatter his reading too widely, who does not have some book of permanent worth pretty constantly on hand, and who does not read over again occasionally a few of the best books which he has learned to prize. He makes a mistake, also, who is one-sided in his reading, who either reads no poetry or all poetry, no history or all history, no philosophy or all philosophy. Some books are needed to cultivate the reflective powers, and some the imaginative, while some will chiefly challenge the memory and add to the store of facts.

It is well to read by subjects occasionally; and also sometimes by authors—that is, to follow up the various works of an author who has made a strong impression upon us, and whose companionship we have proved to be profitable. Books are but men in blinding, and certainly not all men are desirable companions or teachers. When one is found that commands entire confidence and commends himself to the highest judgment, one to come into close relations with whom is recognized as a rare privilege, it is well to get all he has to offer. It is well to choose a topic that is of large general importance, and has at the same time a genuine personal interest to us, and follow it out as far as opportunity permits till there comes a feeling that we have fairly mastered it and can even give to the world, if need be, in some form with profit the results of our acquisitions and reflections.

Read only what is worth reading, if, with utmost care, that precious thing can be ascertained. It needs a strong character and a resolute system, it has been said, to keep the head cool in the storm of liter-

ature around us. We are deluged with books; and as to magazines and newspapers they are without number. The field is boundless, and it is not surprising that many are extremely bewildered by the multiplicity of objects clamoring for a share of their very limited time. To find the books that are really worth while is as difficult as to find the best companions. He confers a great benefit who recommends a really good book. Yet it is very much as it is with medicines; what will benefit one very largely will not be at all suited to another; the prescription must have an individual application and be from one fully competent to advise.

Read with a pencil, and make marginal notes, so that the main points may be rapidly reviewed and the mind concentrated on that which is most important. Some system of short-hand is a great help in this. "Reading with the fingers" has been called the most thorough test of active scholarship. It is no small art to know how to turn the pages of a thick volume quickly over and light easily on the exact spot where the thing wanted is to be found, picking out the valuables from the immense amount of useless verbiage that encumbers most books. A great deal of literature is the mere pouring out of one bottle into another, the repetition in a slightly different form of what has been said over and over before. This makes the art of skipping and skimming exceedingly useful. One who has read much becomes able quite readily to get out of a new volume its real meat, its genuine contribution to the thought of the world, if it has any, to pluck out the heart of its mystery with speed, to suck its juice quickly and throw it aside like a squeezed orange. Very few of the books that pour from the press deserve prolonged study. He makes a great saving who has learned how to leap from point to point instead of painfully traversing the vast valleys of the commonplace which make up most of the pages.

Some read books too hard for them. Still more read those that are too easy, read in a slovenly, desultory way, a sort of intellectual dram-drinking, affording a temporary exhilaration, but in the end emasculating both mind and character, producing a dreamy, drowsy state which unfits one for the active duties of life. It is possible to take one's reading too anxiously and strenuously; it is also possible to take it too lightly and carelessly. Read with an easy mind, and do not worry about the books you have not read or cannot read, even if they are the famous classics so universally praised and pressed on your notice, or the latest triumph of some one who has caught the ear of the fickle populace. "Art is long, and time is fleeting." We know for the sake of living, not live for the sake of knowing. Books are made for man, not man for books.

Our space will not permit us to touch on some other points of great interest that arise in this connection. Blessings on books! They enlarge space and prolong time; they transfer us to former days and distant climes. Few men are happier than he who has both a taste for and a vocation among books. It is a measureless field, and inexhaustible pleasure awaits him who knows how to traverse it

aright. The winnowed and garnered wisdom of the past is his daily food. For him orators declaim, poets sing, and philosophers discourse. He has been made free of that rightly-named "republic of letters," that genuine republic where, without introduction or ceremony, the greatest and noblest of all ages may be met on terms of perfect equality. Fénelon said: "If the riches of both Indies, if the crowns of all the kingdoms of Europe, were laid at my feet, in exchange for my love of reading, I would spurn them all." Many others have said substantially the same. Next to a great university as a means of culture stands a great library; and even in the university the library is the central point. He who has learned how to make the best use of a large library has made excellent progress in his education.

The Municipal Elections

THE municipal elections in this State to occur on Tuesday, Dec. 11, while confined to fifteen cities, really affect two-thirds of all the voters in our cities. Among these cities are the four with the largest registration, the four with the largest no-license vote, and three of the four with the largest license vote. The temperance people have been hard at work in the most of these places, and with good promise. Public meetings, sermons, papers printed especially for the campaign, liberal press notices, placards of striking appearance, and leaflets by the thousands, have all been helpful agencies. The vote will be anxiously scanned by the workers in every city.

The conditions in the city of Boston are of more than passing interest. Despite the fact that many staunch temperance men shrink from the experiment of no-license in the metropolitan city, and that suburban residents are loth to endorse such a policy for Boston, lest it should place the saloon in other communities now exempt from its influence, there has been an average vote for no-license in this city for eight years of over 26,000. This is, without doubt, the largest vote of the kind in the world, and must soon become, it continued, a strongly modifying influence in the local legislation of the next few years.

Masterful Leadership

THE greatest movement of the hour is the effort in New York to arouse the conscience of that city to the suppression of the social vice and immorality which have been so rampant and blighting in their influence. Our ministers and leaders in reform should watch this crusade closely, for the helpful lessons and suggestions which appear. The leading and central figure in the inauguration of the reform is Bishop Potter of the Protestant Episcopal Church. We noted last week the unmistakable evidence of his exalted character and influence, shown in the fact that immediate heed was given to his indictment and warnings especially by those largely responsible for the condition.

But a no less significant fact is the wise and masterful qualities of leadership which he is manifesting in directing the reform. The characteristics most noticeable are his deliberation, self-control, and statesmanship. He took time to get fully ready to strike. He waited many days, after it was known that he was to lead in the movement, to make sure of his ground, to fortify himself, and to be so thoroughly master of the situation that he could not be dislodged from his position. Many a

would-be reformer, especially in the ministry, is in such haste to declare himself against some great sin that he rushes to the conflict unprepared and unarmed, and the result is, often, the discharge of a blank cartridge that makes a great noise for a moment only.

But the most remarkable event in connection with the Bishop's leadership is the fact that he peremptorily declines to act as leader. The best people of New York of all denominations, Protestant, Romanist,



BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER, OF NEW YORK

Hebrew, and every religious cult, confide in him, and it was expected and greatly desired that he should become in name as in fact the acknowledged leader. His letter declining to be present at the Chamber of Commerce meeting in New York, which was to meet to consider this grave subject, is a model in the expression of great truths not sufficiently recognized. He wrote:

"No, I shall not be able, owing to a trustee meeting, to attend the meeting of the Chamber of Commerce today, nor do I think I ought to do so if I were free. The aim of such a meeting should be, primarily, to unify the forces on the side of law, decency and the protection of the weak in this community. But in such an effort an ecclesiastic is not the best instrument. His particular affiliation makes him distinctly not a *persona grata* to priests and ministers (and sometimes people) of either communion, with whom the odium *theologicum* is still a very active sentiment. The clergy may fitly exercise the prophetic office of rousing, warning, entreating, but in social and political movements their best service will be in the ranks, where, as in times of stress and siege, they may patrol, mount guard, keep watch, but leave to others the task of generalship. As to this, in the present emergency, I am quite clear. New York wants a strong committee of three or five trusted laymen to co-ordinate forces, concentrate purpose, and then, if we maintain the present awakened sense of danger, the rest will almost accomplish itself."

Was ever greater or wiser word spoken of the sacredness of the ministerial office, and the inevitable compromise and defilement that must come to it when it leaves its prophetic mission to become a leader in political and reformatory movements? We commend this declaration of the Bishop especially to those of our own ministry who think they can dabble in all sorts of business and political enterprises and yet retain a place of reverence and confidence in the estimation of the general public.

It ought not to be necessary — but it is — to call attention to the fact emphasized by the Bishop, that no great reform is ever wrought simply by denunciation. Many good people seem to think that it is enough to state how bad conditions have become. This may be, and often is, essential, but it is only a beginning, if a general reform is to be wrought. The Bishop put it with characteristic force in saying: "We shall

not redeem New York, men and brethren, by emotions. We shall not redeem it by denunciation; we shall not redeem it by pessimistic temper, that wraps its garment around it and turns its back upon it."

But it was only our purpose at this writing to call attention to this movement, and urge our readers to watch it. The main points of the reform will be noted in our Outlook, but our ministers and laymen should study it as it is set forth in the daily press. For this crusade against what the Bishop calls "rapacious lust" should extend to every city and town in the land. The sin is by no means confined to New York, nor to the larger cities. It is a leprous, pervasive sin in all our communities.

"Why Not?"

ON the inside of the cover we publish a letter from one of the most faithful and successful ministers of the New England Conference, under the caption, "Why Not?" This pastor, who has already sent a goodly number of new subscribers to this paper, forwards two more new names and asks, "Why not, on an average, at least two new-century subscribers for ZION'S HERALD from every church in the New England Conference by Jan. 1, 1901?"

Indeed, "why not?" No interest of New England Methodism is so interwoven with the heart and life of our work as is ZION'S HERALD. On every account, no claim should appeal so closely to our ministers. The measure of its circulation, and therefore its influence, is dependent entirely upon the minister. If not pressed upon the people from the pulpit and by personal canvass, the paper, like any other interest resting so exclusively upon the minister, must suffer. In such case, every worn-out preacher, or the widows and children of deceased preachers, in our midst, must also suffer. Why not have two more new-century subscribers from every church in our patronizing Conferences? Why not? That would give to the HERALD 2,000 additional new subscribers, and enable the Association to continue to deal in a correspondingly generous manner with its beneficiaries. It could easily be done. Where is the minister who would confess that he could not secure two more subscribers if he were really determined to do it? Shall it not be done, and shall it not be done immediately? Who will first respond?

PERSONALS

—The widow of "Parson Brownlow" still survives at an advanced age, and is living at the old homestead in Knoxville, Tenn.

—The students of Drew Theological Seminary greatly enjoyed and were highly profited in hearing a sermon from Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler last week.

—Rev. V. A. Cooper, D. D., has been for fifteen years superintendent of the "Little Wanderers' Home" of this city, one of the best and most deserving institutions in New England.

—Bishop McCabe expects to leave New York for South America on Jan. 8. He holds Western South America Mission Conference on Feb. 7, and South America Conference on March 14.

—The *Pittsburg Christian Advocate* of last week observes: "Dr. W. F. Oldham preached to his old friends at Butler Street Church last Sunday morning, and took the missionary collection. In the evening he preached at Lincoln Avenue and the thank-offering of the W. H. M. S. was taken.

Great success attended both services and collections."

—Rev. Dr. J. T. Gracey, of Rochester, N. Y., a living encyclopedia upon worldwide missions, has brought out an exceedingly valuable brochure on "China: Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow."

—Dr. Marcus Dods, the famous Edinburgh theological professor, discussing in the *London Bookman* Snell's late "Life of John Wesley," says: "Than Wesley no man more obviously merits the title of 'epoch-maker.'"

—Rev. Dr. James H. Ecob, formerly of the second Presbyterian Church of Albany, whose notable drift from orthodox standards began some years ago, has finally found his own place as pastor of the First Unitarian Church of Philadelphia.

—We are grateful to the author, Rev. W. W. Ramsay, D. D., of Philadelphia, for a copy of "Creation in Genesis," a thoughtful and critical paper read before the Methodist Preachers' Meeting of Philadelphia, Oct. 15. Its publication was unanimously requested.

—Hon. John G. Woolley announces that he has become sole owner of the *New Voice*, and also states that while the circulation of the paper has greatly increased under the joint ownership and management of himself and Mr. Dickie, "every cent of its income, and more, has been expended to increase the value of property."

—It is reported that Rev. and Mrs. Elihu Grant, of Revere, who have done very excellent work with the church for a year and a half, are to relinquish their charge the first of January with the purpose of going to Jerusalem to take charge of a Friends' school for Syrian youth. They expect to leave the country about the first of next February.

—It is very creditable to the "American girl" that Miss Dorothea Klumpke is said to be the foremost astronomer of Paris. Lately she has made an ascent in a balloon to photograph the Leonids. Miss Klumpke is one of the astronomers of the French Government, and carries on her studies regularly at the Paris Observatory. She was one of the Government astronomers at the recent eclipse of the sun.

—That the cultivation of politics and a political life on the part of the wife is likely to disturb domestic serenity and joy, is shown in the fact that the famous Mrs. Mary Ellen Lease, of Wichita, Kansas, is applying for a divorce from her husband, who lives in that city and is said to be in every way a worthy man and successful in business. They have been married twenty-seven years and have three children, two of whom have reached their majority.

—The public was quite too ready to believe, last week, that "another minister had gone wrong," when a cable was received that judgment had been secured in the London courts for \$300,000 and more against one Joseph H. Brotherton, "an American Methodist minister," for fraudulent transactions in mining stocks. We were unable to identify any Methodist minister by that name; and Brotherton states, from Denver where he now is, that he is not a Methodist minister.

—Our exchanges are making public the fact which we were bidden not to disclose, that it was John D. Flint, of Fall River, who gave \$15,000, through Bishop Mallalieu, towards an endowment fund of \$30,000 for the nurse training school and hospital of the Medical College of the New Orleans University. We hereby give notice that hereafter we shall publish such encouraging facts as soon as they come to our knowledge, regardless of the donor's modesty and

preference in the case. We do not enjoy having our exchanges get a "scoop" on us in that way.

—Rev. V. P. Wardwell, a supernumerary of the East Maine Conference, is about to enter the Maine General Hospital to undergo a very serious operation for cancer. Though shrinking from the operation, yet he has committed his all to God. We bespeak the prayers of the church for him.

—Rev. L. B. Bates, D. D., evangelist, has had a very gracious season at Attleboro, and is now working in Leominster, Rev. E. P. Herrick, pastor. In January he goes to labor in Calvary Church, New York, Rev. Dr. W. P. Odell, pastor; and in February to Brooklyn to Hanson Place Church, Rev. Dr. C. L. Goodell, pastor.

—The New York *Sun* publishes a special telegram from Richmond, Va., on Thanksgiving Day, which contained this message: "An unusual feature of Thanksgiving in this city was the fact that two of the leading ministers in their sermons took occasion to commend President McKinley and to speak of him as a wise ruler and a patriot. One was Rev. Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, pastor of Grove Avenue Baptist Church, and the other Rev. Dr. John Hannon, pastor of the largest Methodist church in the city."

—Because of the reputation which Canon Freemantle, of Ripon Cathedral, London, had made by his books, especially his remarkably suggestive and helpful volume on "The World the Subject of Redemption," much interest was felt in his visit to this country, particularly to Cambridge and this city. He began in Brooks House, last week, a series of lectures on Christian Ordinances and Social Progress, and he preached last Sunday morning in Trinity Church. Owing to the fact that those who had read after him had been led to expect so very much, both the lectures and the sermon were disappointing. Trinity Church was filled with a congregation that taxed every part of its seating capacity. The Canon is a man of medium size, a well-preserved and vigorous Englishman of threescore and ten. As a speaker he is not so English in tone and expression as most that come to us, but there is the same lack of oratorical gifts and graces that characterizes most of them. He preached, or rather talked, for twenty-five minutes. His thought ran along the main lines of his Bampton Lectures, to the effect that the redemptive work of Christ included the scientific, industrial and philanthropic organizations and work of the day, and that through all of these less distinctively Christian movements Christ was expressing His will and thus subjecting humanity and the world to Himself. It would seem to any listener who had read his chief book that the distinguished prelate had exhausted himself in the preparation of that work.

BRIEFLETS

Any volume mentioned in this Book Number will be sent, postpaid, at the retail price, by Charles R. Magee, 38 Bromfield St., Boston, and inquiry concerning any book named will be promptly answered by him.

The Twentieth Century Forward Movement Conference at Grace Church, Worcester, this week, beginning Thursday at 2.30 P. M., to be presided over and directed by Bishops Thoburn and Mallalieu, in which not only the ministers of the city and vicinity, but prominent laymen and elect ladies, are to take part, promises to be of special interest and profit. We regret that the program of the Conference was not ready

for last week's issue, so that the HERALD could have given early and proper notice to our readers of this important meeting.

The many friends of the old and honorable publishing house of D. Appleton & Co., New York, will rejoice to learn that the concern is now out of the hands of a temporary receiver, that all creditors have been fully paid, dollar for dollar, and that business is resumed in all departments with every promise of large and permanent success. The Boston branch, which was closed for a little time, is reopened at 120 A Tremont St.

The new Baptismal Certificate, noticed in our columns a few weeks ago, which Rev. W. T. Worth has prepared, is now on sale at the Book Room.

It is well to recall Dr. Henry Van Dyke's advice in regard to reading, in this issue. Perhaps there is no better living authority upon the subject. He says: "Do not read vulgar books, silly books, morbid books. Do not read books that are written in bad English. Do not read books simply because other people are reading them. Do not read more than five new books to one old one."

The Forward Movement Conference, under the direction of Bishop Thoburn, which is in progress as we go to press, will be reported in our next number.

The "Gospel Ten" of the School of Theology are receiving invitations from the churches, and have already begun successful work. They are available for full service from Friday evening through the entire days of Saturday and Sunday. Ministers who would secure the help of these consecrated young men would better apply at once to Samuel Quickmire, 72 Mt. Vernon St., Boston.

The Bishops at their recent meeting, in accordance with the action of the last General Conference, appointed the following persons a committee to prepare a new Hymnal: Samuel F. Upham, of Drew Theological Seminary, chairman; C. S. Nutter, of St. Albans, Vt.; C. T. Winchester, of Wesleyan University; M. V. Simpson, of Philadelphia; R. J. Cooke, of Grant University; W. A. Quayle, of Indianapolis; Charles W. Smith, editor *Pittsburg Advocate*; Charles M. Stuart, of Garrett Biblical Institute; C. M. Coburn, of Denver, Col.

The corner-stone of the new Centenary Collegiate Institute buildings, at Hacketts-town, N. J., three in number, to cost \$175,000, to take the place of those destroyed by fire, was laid, Dec. 1, with appropriate ceremonies.

If one must be blindly led, habit is a good chain, the safest of any. But how much higher the order of one's following when it is voluntary, open-eyed, willed rather than compelled. It is a good thing to go to church from force of habit — but how much better to go because one loves the house of God and the fellowship of those who love God!

The Pope at Rome has issued an encyclical on Jesus Christ, intended as an end-of-the-century address to the Catholic faithful. It is noteworthy that he declares: "The knowledge and the love of Jesus Christ should be more largely diffused by teaching, persuasion and exhortation." If this statement stood alone, it would have special and grateful significance; but the Pope hastens to reassert the old absurd and exasperating fiction: "Christ's law must be sought absolutely from the church, and, accordingly as Christ is the way for men, so

also is the church; He of Himself and by His nature; she by the office conferred on her and the communication of power. Therefore whosoever looks for salvation outside of the church have gone astray and are laboring in vain." But he well knows that when he ceases to maintain that position, he will cease to be Pope.

NEW ENGLAND DEACONESS HOSPITAL

REV. T. CORWIN WATKINS, D. D.

NO one familiar with the work of our Deaconess Hospital during the last five years is any longer in doubt about the demand for such an institution. The doctors believe in it. I asked one of the most celebrated surgeons of New England the other day if he thought there was need of another hospital. He answered, "There is a

strated its right to an existence that a few weeks ago, at a meeting of this corporation, with twenty-eight members present, it was voted, with much enthusiasm, to pay \$26,500 for a lot on which to erect a new hospital. This new hospital site is in Longwood, in the city of Boston, thirteen minutes' ride on the electric cars from Park St. station. It faces on three streets — Park, Bellevue and Autumn. On the southeast side is Longwood Park, covered with tall elms. The southwest side slopes toward, and overlooks, the Fenway extension, called, in Longwood, "the Riverway." On this driveway no traffic is allowed, but on pleasant days there is almost a constant procession of pleasure vehicles. There is now a beautiful house and barn upon it assessed for \$7,500. This will be used for the Bible Training School until the new Hospital is completed.

It is proposed to build a hospital costing



FRONT VIEW OF NEW HOSPITAL LOT

Photograph by Partridge

[The house now on lot is used for Deaconess Training School.]

most pronounced demand for a larger Deaconess Hospital." Another distinguished physician said to the president of our Board of Managers: "If you will build a Deaconess Hospital with a hundred beds, I will keep them full all the time." Of course, in that event, it would not be strictly a deaconess hospital, yet the remark shows the high esteem in which this hospital is held among the doctors. Business men believe in it — especially as a training school for nurses who are to work among the poor. When I told a business man a few months ago about the work of a district nurse deaconess who had been trained in our Hospital, he said he thought he would like to have such a distributing agent at work in these realms of poverty. So he now sends a check for twenty dollars a month, and only asks that in return he shall have a brief story of the work done — just to keep his heart "in touch with suffering humanity." This young business man has a wide-awake partner to whom he has read extracts from these reports, and the first of this month this partner said: "I would like to have a share in that kind of work, so you may just send ten dollars a month for me." This shows what intelligent business men think of this kind of work.

Among the members of the Deaconess Corporation may be found some of the brightest men and women of New England. Five years ago it was with great hesitancy and trepidation that they purchased the modest building now used for a hospital, for only a small percentage of even those who voted for it were fully persuaded that there was need of such a hospital. But so thoroughly has it demon-

strated its right to an existence that a few weeks ago, at a meeting of this corporation, with twenty-eight members present, it was voted, with much enthusiasm, to pay \$26,500 for a lot on which to erect a new hospital. This new hospital site is in Longwood, in the city of Boston, thirteen minutes' ride on the electric cars from Park St. station. It faces on three streets — Park, Bellevue and Autumn. On the southeast side is Longwood Park, covered with tall elms. The southwest side slopes toward, and overlooks, the Fenway extension, called, in Longwood, "the Riverway." On this driveway no traffic is allowed, but on pleasant days there is almost a constant procession of pleasure vehicles. There is now a beautiful house and barn upon it assessed for \$7,500. This will be used for the Bible Training School until the new Hospital is completed.

It is proposed to build a hospital costing from \$75,000 to \$100,000. There is money in New England for this kind of a hospital. If ever a work was the Lord's, this is. Study the life and words of Jesus, and you will find that they run pretty nearly parallel with this work. The Lord has plenty of money in the hands of faithful stewards, and He will see that we have enough for this work. Oh, you bright and gifted sons of the King, to whom He has entrusted His riches, keep your ear open toward heaven and hear what He has to say to you! Some have heard. A friend subscribes \$5,000. A brother beloved adds \$5,000 more. A son and two daughters send a check for \$3,000, as a memorial to a glorious and now glorified mother. Other friends have given sums, smaller in the eyes of men, but just as large in the sight of heaven, amounting to nearly \$2,000. This is only the beginning. We expect to have other large gifts and thousands of smaller ones.

While we are waiting for the larger subscriptions, the Finance Committee has a plan for gathering up the mites. There are about 20,000 feet in this new lot. It is estimated that the price of the land, without the house, is about a dollar per foot. There have been published, on bond paper, little books containing twenty-five receipts, one of which is to be given to each person paying for one foot, or more, of land. An effort will be made to put one of these books into the hands of every friend of the cause in New England. Any one who would like to serve the Master in this way is requested to send for a book to the treasurer, Mr. H. D. Degen, 87 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

Every dollar contributed for the land or the Hospital will be credited to the Twentieth Century Thank Offering.

SOME NEW BOOKS

Yesterdays with Authors

IT is entirely safe to say that no American publisher has quite filled the place occupied by James T. Fields; nor do we know of any English one that has done so. He was not so much an employer of others as their hearty comrade. His relations with them were not so much those of business as of friendship. The traditional hostility growing out of rival interests and conflicting claims, that is supposed to exist between publishers and authors, found no illustration in the case of Mr. Fields. He was extremely generous. Being a writer himself, he knew

known intimately; several of them lived in other times; but they are all my friends and associates in a certain sense.

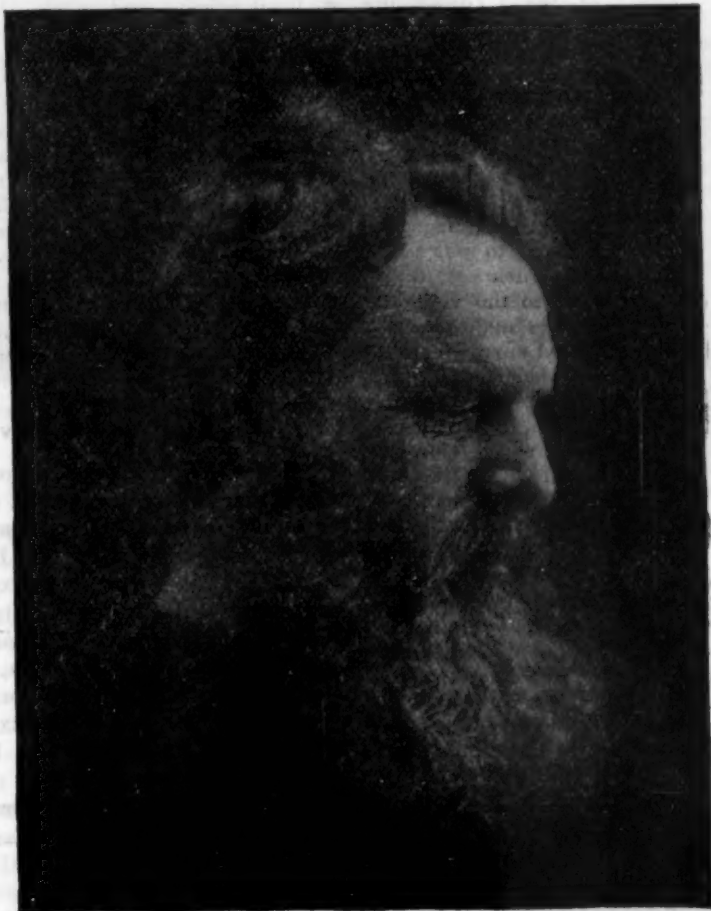
To converse with them and of them —

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past" —
is one of the delights of existence, and I am never tired of answering questions about them, or gossiping of my own free will as to their every-day life and manners.

My friends have often heard me in my "garrulous old age" discourse of things past and gone, and know what they bring down on their heads when they request me "to run over," as they call it, the faces looking out upon us from these plain, unvarnished frames.

HAWTHORNE

I am sitting today opposite the likeness



THE LATE JAMES T. FIELDS

[Frontispiece from "Yesterdays with Authors," Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York.]

how to sympathize with writers. He prized their companionship, and received it in fullest measure, for they prized his.

The present handsome volume, first issued thirty years ago, and now brought out by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in a new illustrated edition, with photogravure portraits and autograph letters, deals with a great variety of distinguished authors, British and American, now all passed away, giving a large number of their familiar letters and plentiful reminiscences of their words and ways. From these interesting pages we excerpt a few paragraphs for our readers: —

Surrounded by the portraits of those I have long counted my friends, I like to chat with the people about me concerning these pictures, my companions on the wall, and the men and women they represent. These are my assembled guests, who dropped in years ago and stayed with me, without the form of invitation or demand on my time or thought. They are my eloquent, silent partners for life, and I trust they will dwell here as long as I do. Some of them I have

of the rarest genius America has given to literature — a man who lately sojourned in this busy world of ours, but during many years of his life

"Wandered lonely as a cloud," —

a man who had, so to speak, a physical affinity with solitude. The writings of this author have never soiled the public mind with one unlovely image. His men and women have a magic of their own, and we shall wait a long time before another arises among us to take his place. Indeed, it seems probable no one will ever walk precisely the same round of fiction which he traversed with so free and firm a step.

WORDSWORTH

It was true Lake country weather when I knocked at Wordsworth's cottage door, three years before he died, and found myself shaking hands with the poet at the threshold. His daughter Dora had been dead only a few months, and the sorrow that had so recently fallen upon the house was still so dominant there. I thought there was something prophet-like in the tones of his voice, as well as in his whole appearance, and there was a noble tranquillity

about him that almost awed one, at first, into silence. As the day was cold and wet, he proposed we should sit down together in the only room in the house where there was a fire, and he led the way to what seemed a common sitting or dining-room. It was a plain apartment, the rafters visible, and no attempt at decoration noticeable. Mrs. Wordsworth sat knitting at the fireside, and she rose with a sweet expression of courtesy and welcome as we entered the apartment. As I had just left Paris, which was in a state of commotion, Wordsworth was eager in his inquiries about the state of things on the other side of the Channel. As our talk ran in the direction of French revolutions, he soon became eloquent and vehement, as one can easily imagine, on such a theme. There was a deep and solemn meaning in all he had to say about France, which I recall now with added interest. The subject deeply moved him, of course, and he sat looking into the fire, discoursing in a low monotone, sometimes quite forgetful that he was not alone and soliloquizing. I noticed that Mrs. Wordsworth listened as if she were hearing him speak for the first time in her life, and the work on which she was engaged lay idle in her lap, while she watched intently every movement of her husband's face. I also was absorbed in the man and in his speech. I thought of the long years he had lived in communion with nature in that lonely but lovely region. The story of his life was familiar to me, and I sat as if under the influence of a spell.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

During the conversation that day, Miss Mitford had many inquiries to make concerning her American friends, Miss Catherine Sedgwick, Daniel Webster and Dr. Channing. Her voice had a peculiar ringing sweetness in it, rippling out sometimes like a beautiful chime of silver bells; and when she told a comic story, hitting off some one of her acquaintances, she joined in with the laugh at the end with great heartiness and *naïveté*. When listening to anything that interested her, she had a way of coming into the narrative with "Dear me, dear me, dear me," three times repeated, which it was very pleasant to hear.

From that summer day our friendship continued, and during other visits to England I saw her frequently, driving about the country with her in her pony-chaise, and spending many happy hours in the new cottage which she afterwards occupied at Swallowfield. Her health had broken down years before from too constant attendance on her invalid parents, and she was never certain of a well day. When her father died in 1842, shamefully in debt (for he had squandered two fortunes not exactly his own, and was always one of the most improvident of men, belonging to that class of impecunious individuals who seem to have been born insolvent), she said: "Everybody shall be paid, if I sell the gown off my back or pledge my little pension." And putting her shoulder to the domestic wheel, she never flagged for an instant, or gave way to despondency.

DICKENS

Let me speak today of the younger Dickens. How well I recall the bleak winter evening in 1842 when I first saw the handsome, glowing face of the young man who was even then famous over half the globe! He came bounding into the Tremont House, fresh from the steamer that had brought him to our shores, and his cheery voice rang through the hall, as he gave a quick glance at the new scenes opening upon him in a strange land on first arriving at a transatlantic hotel. "Here we are!" he shouted, as the lights burst upon the merry party just entering the house, and several gentlemen came forward to greet him. Ah,

how happy and buoyant he was then! Young, handsome, almost worshiped for his genius, belted round by such troops of friends as rarely ever man had, coming to a new country to make new conquests of fame and honor—surely it was a sight long

the mastery of words, the marshaling of sentences, the creation of living characters which grip the heart with unflinching interest; the rare literary quality, and the high, purposeful motive behind the incident illuminating, dignifying all—this is here,

as might be expected; but there is more than this. There is not only profound thought and deep feeling in this book, but there is an appreciation of pure and undefiled religion which is new with this author. There is no scoffing, no skepticism. The Christ of Calvary and His matchless sacrifice for man, the "foolishness of the Cross," the power of the Crucified—this comes out when the story draws to a culmination, as the solution of difficulty, the key to victory. Eleanor is thrilled by it, she receives strength to conquer her sin, to put away her selfishness, to answer to the voice of God, to make the required surrender and save her soul, finding joy in sorrow, peace in pain, life in death. We greatly rejoice to find teaching like this from the pen that once wrote "Robert Elsmere."

We rejoice also at the honor which Mrs. Ward pays to America. She who is perhaps even more than Eleanor the heroine, Lucy Foster, who marries the hero, is an American girl from a country village in Vermont, "brought up to go to meetings and

derfully true to facts in the smallest details. There is not a jarring note.

Italy, however—described in the dedication as "the beloved and beautiful instructor of our past, delight of our present, comrade of our future"—is the scene of the entire story, furnishing a background of loveliness and never-fading interest. We have given us both the old Italy with its romance and the new Italy with its stirring life and difficult problems. We have given us, also, a very comprehensive view of the Roman Catholic Church. Both sides are presented, not one alone, as in the "Master Christian." We see the power and the glory of this most venerable institution; we see also the narrowness and the bigotry. Father Benecke, the priest excommunicated because he dared to think a little along modern lines and accept a few modern ideas, comes very near the heart as an ideal scholar and saint. He it is who holds up the Christ to Eleanor and lifts her out of that lower self which had almost been her ruin.

We can hardly spare space to further characterize the many excellences of this most excellent work, wherein scholarship and genius, natural aptitude and trained experience, combine to furnish us a total effect not seen since the best days of George Eliot. The enormous advance orders which have delighted the hearts of the publishers indicate something of the popular appreciation which it has already met, and it will be many a day, we are sure, before it ceases to be read.

The Psalms of David

PROBABLY "The Psalms of David" never before appeared in so beautiful a guise as in this handsome quarto volume, issued by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. The text is printed in old seventeenth century type, upon softly tinted paper, each page surrounded by a border of varied design, and the binding is red cloth, with elaborate cover ornamentation in gold. The sixteen full-page pen-and-ink drawings by Louis



CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS WIFE, AND HER SISTER, GEORGANA HOGARTH

[From "Yesterdays with Authors," by James T. Fields. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York.]

to be remembered and never wholly to be forgotten. . . .

I will dispose here of the question often asked me by correspondents, and lately renewed in many epistles, "Was Charles Dickens a believer in our Saviour's life and teachings?" Persons addressing to me such inquiries must be profoundly ignorant of the works of the great author, whom they endeavor by implication to place among the "unbelievers." If anywhere, out of the Bible, God's goodness and mercy are solemnly commended to the world's attention, it is in the pages of Dickens. I had supposed that these written words of his, which have been so extensively copied both in Europe and America, from his last will and testament, dated the 12th of May, 1869, would forever remain an emphatic testimony to his Christian faith: "I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teachings of the New Testament."

Mrs. Humphry Ward's Best Book*

WE have read all Mrs. Ward's books, and we find "Eleanor" by all odds the most satisfactory. To call it her masterpiece is the highest of praise, but we could not say less. The old beauties and elegancies, the artistic descriptions of scenery, the deft handling of critical situations, the skillful control of swift-coming crises, the unerring intuition as to what human nature will do or say under unusual conditions,

* ELEANOR. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Harper & Brothers. In two editions. One vol., \$1.50. Two vols., in a box, with illustrations by Albert Sterner, \$3.



Copyright, 1900, by FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY.

From "THE PSALMS OF DAVID" (Reduced). Illustrated by Louis Rhead.

sit under a minister," her father's people Methodists, a Puritan mystic, unlearned in the ways of the world, and wholly uncontaminated by its pollutions. She has a rare nobility and an unflinching charm. Every allusion of the author to America is sympathetic and appreciative and correct, won-

Rhead, depicting the life of David as shepherd, poet, warrior, and king, are unique and original, his figures being full of life, and each picture made as realistic as possible by the painstaking artist. Many scenes in David's life had come to

be delineated in a conventional manner. Mr. Rhead, however, studied the question for himself. He found that the Bible said, "Absalom hung by his head," when



JEREMIAH CURTIN—HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ
Warsaw, 1900

[Courtesy of Little, Brown & Co. : Boston.]

he was killed. Therefore, in this volume, instead of being portrayed as hanging by his hair, the picture shows him strangling among the boughs of a great tree. Again, the slaying of Goliath is originally pictured. David does not stand over the fallen giant, holding the sling in one hand and the gory locks of Goliath in the other. Instead, the giant is seen in the act of falling to the ground, the stone that felled him shown indented in his forehead.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis' introductory biographical study of David is a fine piece of literary work—a prose poem in itself, throbbing with life and instinct with inspiration. He says:

"What contrasts in this strangely colored career! He was a peasant boy, court minstrel, chosen favorite of the young prince, the champion of the army, the conquering hero, borne upon the shoulders of the people, through the streets, the rival of the king himself for the affections of the people; then leaping into the throne itself, he becomes law-maker, general, bard, commercial leader, statesman. Made soft by luxury, weakened by flattery, in an evil hour David yields to his passions, and sin sweeps through his life like a conflagration sweeping through a city and leaving only blackened timbers and ashes behind. Then comes the swift, sharp repentance, the open restitution, the instant and public confession, the self-abasement, the years of pain, the Psalms and prayers that plead for man's pity and for God's pardon. Never was there a more lovable youth! Never a career so rich and romantic! Never man who climbed so high and fell so low! Never one whose repentance was more absolute and all-inclusive. Never one who fought his way so persistently back toward the heights where good men dwell. Grateful to God for the lives of all the Old Testament heroes from Moses to Paul, to the end of time the prodigal and publican will be chiefly grateful for the life and career of David, the Old Testament prodigal, who epitomizes for us man's defeats through sin, and his recovery also through God's redeeming grace."

Lovers of the Psalms will long to possess this beautiful book.

The Heart of the Ancient Wood

THIS new book by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts (published by Silver, Burdett & Co.) is a realistic romance of the folk of the forest. The wild beasts of the ancient wood become friends with little Miranda Craig, and as she grows older her love for her furry friends is set over against her love for the inevitable human lover, who wins in the end. It is a fresh, sweet, wholesome story, of which the following extracts will give the reader a taste:

For the first time, Kirstie Craig felt something like fear, not for herself, but for the child. Thrusting Miranda roughly behind her, she clutched her axe, and stood motionless, erect and formidable, awaiting attack. Her great black eyes blazed ominously upon the intruder. But Kroof, well filled with late berries, and sweet wild roots, and honeycomb, was in most amiable humor, and just shambled off lazily when she saw herself detected; whereupon Kirstie, with a short laugh of relief, threw down her axe and snatched the child to her breast. Miranda, however, was weeping salt tears of disappointment.

"I want it, mother," she sobbed; "the nice big dog. You scared it away."

Kirstie had heard more than enough about the dog.

"Hark now, Miranda," she said severely, giving her shoulder a slight shake to enforce attention. "You just remember what I say. That ain't a dog; that's a bear; a bear, I say! And don't you ever go near it, or it'll eat you up. Mind you now, Miranda, or I'll just whip you well."

Kirstie was a little fluttered and thrown off her poise at the idea of Miranda encountering the great animal alone, and perhaps attempting to bring it home to play with; so she forgot for a moment the wonted stringency of her logic. As for Miranda, she consented to obey, and held her tongue; but she clung secretly to her own opinion on the subject of the big dog. She knew very well that the fascinating animal did not want to eat her; and her mother's order seemed to her just one of those bits of maternal perversity which nobody can ever hope to understand.

A moment more, and to Miranda it seemed that the leafy shores ran by her, that the gnashing phalanx of the waves sprang up at her. She had never run a rapid before. Her experience of canoeing had all been gained on the lake. She caught her breath, but did not flinch as the tumbling waters seethed and yammered around her. Then her blood ran hot with the excitement of it; her nerves tingled. She wanted to cry out, to paddle wild and fiercely. But she held herself under curb. She never moved. Only the grip of her hands on the paddle, which lay idle

before her, tightened till the knuckles went white. There was no word from Dave; no sign of his presence save that the canoe shot straight as an arrow, and bit firmly upon the big surges, so that she knew his wrist of steel was in control. Suddenly, just ahead, sprang a square black rock, against which the mad rush of water upreared and fell back broken to either side. The canoe leaped straight at it, and Miranda held her breath.

"Stroke on the right!" came Dave's sharp order. She dipped her paddle strenuously, twice, thrice—and, swerving at the last moment, while the currents seethed up along her bulwarks, the canoe darted safely past.

Miranda stopped paddling. There was a steeper slope in front, but a clear channel, the waves not high but wallowing inward toward the centre. Straight down this centre rushed the canoe, the surges clutching at her on both sides, yellow green, with white foam-streaks veining their very hearts. At the foot of the slope, singing sharply and shining in the sun, curved a succession of three great "ripples," stationary in mid-channel, their back-curved crests thin and prismatic. Straight through these Dave steered. The three thin crests, thus swiftly divided, one after another, slapped Miranda coldly in the face, drenching her, and leaving a good bucketful of water in the canoe.

Vesty of the Basins

THIS book, by Sarah P. McLean, first issued eight years ago and which has found many friends, comes forth now for the holidays from the press of Harper & Brothers in a very tasteful, almost sump-



From "The Heart of the Ancient Wood," by Charles G. D. Roberts.
Copyright, 1900, by Silver, Burdett & Company.

tuous style, with resplendent cover, amply illustrated, and carefully boxed. The numerous drawings are by Otto H. Bacher from photographs by Clifton Johnson.

The "Basin" country, on the northeast coast of Maine—with its bays and beaches, farmhouses, schoolhouses, barns and roads and fields and fishing smacks—is brought very clearly before us. The story is well told. We cannot avoid the feeling, however, in this as in other of the author's books, that she somewhat exaggerates and caricatures the peculiarities of the people she delineates, very much as Dickens did. But she appreciates the good that is in the queer specimens of humanity whose uncouthness of speech she so successfully sets forth. The heroine, Vesty, is really a fine character, and when she has passed through the due amount of trial, she is made to come out triumphantly as mistress of a happy, wealthy home, which is, of course, as it should be, and leaves the reader in a very well-satisfied frame of mind. The following extracts will be of interest:

His voice broke. He looked at his wife and child, a look the woman understood for all eternity.

Vesty stood like marble; her shawl had escaped from her own throat, but was warm about the child that Gurdon had placed back on her breast.

As we waited, watching, transfixed, Fluke came running breathless from the woods where he had been as guide with the party of Notely's pleasure-seekers who had stayed behind that morning.

Captain Rafe ran to him, with the hand still stroking his pallid face: "That was Gurdon out there, making so near the sinking boat—he would go—only five!"

But Fluke heard never a word. He saw; his face flushed with a kind of mad joy; he tossed his hair back, and leaping into the waves swam to his own frail little fishing-boat that was tossing at anchor.

His voice leaped back to us above the tumult of the wind: "Gurd and me'll come home together!"

There was a lull in the gale; the five were put off from the sinking craft in Gurdon's boat.

And the men were standing with ropes on the shore; but I only saw, as the tempest moaned to swell again, one figure on a bending mast between sea and sky, and one in a frail shell tolling toward him

"Admiral 'S I Sums-it-up" collector of road-taxes, a little cheerfully accorded him through the genial courtesy of the Basin, came down from the Point.

In the distance we could hear him approaching as usual, the passionless monotone of his voice growing ever nearer and more distinct as he flapped methodically first one rein, then the other over the unhurried action of his horse, sagely admonishing him to 'G'long! ye old fool! Glt up! ye old skate!

His mortal conversation, too, though cutting and profound, was, in the deepest sense without rancor or emotion

"'S I sums it up," said he "yer road down through the woods 's gittin' more ridick'lous 'n ever.

"Poo! poo! Wouldn't be afraid to bet ye she ain't," said Captain Pharo Kobbe, with glowing pipe.

"Ye seem to boast yerselves 't ye don't belong to nothin' down here," continued the admiral "but ye does. Ye belongs to a shyer town. Ye orter have some pride. 'S I sums it up, be ye goin' to pay yer rates, or work 'em out mendin' yer roads?"

A mighty concussion followed.

Elder Skates, as though reminded by these thunders of his duty, blushed deeply with shame and penitence.

"Vesty," he pleaded tremulously, "will you start 'Carried by the Angels?'"

Vesty went to the little organ.

Now we forgot all the rest, all that was rude and incongruous, forgot how mean the school-house was, how few protective boards left upon it. Captain Pharo and Captain Shamgar dropped their mallets at the first sound of Vesty's voice, and on ne in on tiptoe, with changed faces, reverent.

For there was the Basin sorrow in Vesty's voice, enough to subdue greater discords, and

the Basin hope in it, implicit, wonderful, thrilled to tearful vision by a word:

"Carried by the angels,"

she sang.

"Carried by the angels,
Carried by the angels to the skies.
Carried by the angels,
Carried by the angels,
Gathered with the lost in Paradise."

Coat-sleeves began to do duty across moist eyes, seeing—we all being simple Basins—winged white forms in the still air outside the

David Harum, the Messrs. Appleton have fortunately been able to arrange with the distinguished artist, Mr. B. West Clinedinst, N. A., who has been peculiarly interested in the book and who accepted the commission with an enthusiasm and perfect appreciation which have produced the happiest and most sympathetic results. Mr. Clinedinst's study of the character and his rendering of types show a comprehension of Mr. Westcott's creations and a quick sense



From "Vesty of the Basins."

Copyright, 1900, by Harper & Brothers

"VESTY STOOD LIKE MARBLE"

battered schoolhouse, bearing worn, earth-weary forms away,—

"Gathered with the lost in Paradise."

It was not so hard to speak now.

"I've got my finger on a tex' here," said a white-haired, weather-beaten Basin, rising. "In His love and in His pity He redeemed us. Now thar was a time when I didn't want nobody to say a word to me about pity—no, sir! Love I wanted an' admirin' I wanted, but no pity; that thar set me broilin'. But—now—I'd e'en a'most rather have pity than love; 'nd I thank God most o' all that, in my pride and in my stren'th, and not wantin' no help an' gittin' mad at the thought of it—all'as He pitied me an' He pitied me cl'ar through to the end."

The Illustrated David Harum*

"DAVID HARUM is already an American classic. It is remarkable that within so short a time a book should take so deep and permanent hold upon the affection of a whole people." To this recent comment upon a book which has proved its enduring quality there has been added another—that few books are so well adapted to sympathetic illustration. In response to the many inquiries which have shown a general desire for an illustrated edition of

* DAVID HARUM: A Story of American Life. By Edward Noyes Westcott. Illustrated Edition, entirely reset. With some seventy full-page and text pictures by B. West Clinedinst, and other text designs by C. D. Farrand, and a Biography of the Author by Forbes Heermans. D. Appleton & Co.: New York. Gilt top, up-cut, \$2.

of humor which would have delighted the lamented author. In addition to some seventy full-page and text drawings by Mr. Clinedinst, which place before us, in an inimitable fashion, the progress of the famous horse trade, and the other features of the book, there are several marginal drawings by Mr. Farrand. The entire book has been revised by Mr. Forbes Heermans, who has furnished a new biography of the author, and it has been reset throughout.

The Forward Movement

[From the Illinois Methodist Journal.]

WHAT is it? What is it for? Who started it? Who is moving it? It is the attempt to lead 2,000,000 of souls to Jesus Christ before Jan. 1, 1902. Its purpose is to pluck two millions of brands from the burning; to lead two millions of souls into the joy and peace of the Christian life. It was started by our Bishops, taken up by our General Conference, forwarded by a commission, under Bishop Thoburn, who is organizing an army of 100,000 individual workers who will each try by personal efforts to lead at least ten souls to the cross of Jesus Christ.

It is a great undertaking, but glorious as it is great! It is possible of fulfillment. It means one soul brought to Christ by each member of the church, and 750,000 left to cover the shrinkage. Surely, by God's help each member of the church can lead one soul out of darkness into light, and from

the power of Satan unto God. Each member ought to lead many more than that. It will be to our shame if it is not done. It will tell of lack of prayer, of consecration, of faith, of clear experience and divine endowment on our part. God is able to do exceeding, abundantly, above all we can ask or think, according to the riches of His grace in Jesus Christ. There is no limit to His power. He says to us, as He said to the woman of Canaan, "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." A faith kindred to hers, and a similar perseverance, will open heaven and bring floodtides of salvation upon the people. God's ear is not heavy that He cannot hear, nor His arm shortened that He cannot save! The united prayer of God's people will still bring cloven tongues of flame, and pentecosts, as at the beginning. Three thousand in one day were gathered then, when there were but 120 disciples; what ought there to be now, when there are 2,750,000 of them?

Who is to move in this movement? All who profess His name! All who claim to be His followers! Bishops, editors, presiding elders, pastors, official members, all the membership of the church, the Epworth Leagues, the Sunday-schools, every agency, every appliance, is to be consecrated, and brought into active use in this great work.

First of all, let there be great

searchings of heart, introspection under the searchlight of God's Word and Spirit. The Psalmist said, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." In one sense the Jews were right when they said, "Now we know that God heareth not sinners, but if any man be a follower of His, him He heareth." The heart must be right before God. It must be cleansed of its sinful lusts and loves. It must be emptied of self and filled with Christ. There must be genuine repentance, not only sorrow for sin, but the forsaking of sin. Sin must be given up. It must be cast aside. Christ must fill us. There must be consecration to the work. We must put ourselves into God's hands and engage actively in the work. Is this great revival to come? There must be preparation. It is useless to talk about it, and plan about it, if it stops there. It is useless to expect, unless we use the means. We must build our altars, lay our wood, put the sacrifice upon the altar, dig our trenches, and then the fire must fall from heaven before the victory comes.

If we are to witness the desire of our hearts, we must meet the conditions. The results will surely follow if the conditions are met. God is never a factor in the delay of spiritual blessing. It is always man. God is always willing and always able. Let all the preachers preach upon the subject, not once, but many times. Let the presiding elders set preachers and people on fire with the theme. Preach, pray, believe, work, expect!

"Screamed for Power"

BISHOP HAYGOOD used to tell in his sarcastic way of a certain preacher who wasted all his time on trifles during the week, and then got on his knees in the pulpit when Sunday morning came and fairly screamed for "power." Such a prayer is of no more value than the mad ravings of the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel. The gift of spiritual power is



From "Vesty of the Seals."

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"MENDIN' ROADS"

never bestowed on any man except in accord with the fixed laws of the kingdom of heaven. It comes to those who have prepared themselves to receive it, and to nobody else. — *Christian Advocate* (Nashville).

HOW TO WORK FOR SOULS

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

EVERY pastor who is worthy of the name is a winner of souls. This is his chief business. But a widening field opens for lay-labor—male and female—in all our churches; and next to the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the great need of the time is the development of our church members. They can pray in public; they can sing (unless the praise of God is hired out exclusively to a paid quartet); they can visit the suffering and distribute Bibles or tracts; they can speak in the devotional meetings; and if the love of Christ is up to blood-heat in their hearts, they can work directly for the conversion of souls. Why cannot every layman who has common sense and the love of Jesus be a soul-winner? Surely they will wish they had been such, when they get to heaven.

Successful work for the ingathering of

souls has four characteristics: In the first place it is Patient. No pastors, no Sunday-school teachers, are fit for their posts unless they have rubbed the word "can't" out of their vocabulary. The severest trial of faith in all Christian labor is to toil a great while with little or no result. "Rather slow work this," I said to Mr. Moody, twenty years ago, when he had started a little prayer-meeting in our mission chapel. "So it is," he replied, "but if you want to kindle a fire, you must put together a few splinters, blow them into a blaze, and then you may pile on the wood afterwards." His plan succeeded; for, after a half-dozen persons had become warmed by the Holy Spirit, the flame spread among all the teachers, and there was a glorious ingathering of converts. A warm-hearted lawyer in my church determined to work for the conversion of an infidel in the congregation. After a while the skeptic said to him: "Mr. J—, you had better give me up as a hard case and try somebody else." But Mr. J— did not give him up until he saw him landed in the church; the lawyer is now in heaven, and his convert is a Christian worker out in Colorado. Unless Ruth had been content to pick up a spear at a time, she never would have got her bag of barley.

2. The next qualification for a soul-winner is to be Painstaking. Jesus Christ made a long journey into the coast of Tyre and Sidon, and we do not read that He accomplished anything there except the great blessing which He brought to one Syrophenician woman and her suffering daughter. That paid Him for the journey. What pains He took with that bigoted woman, of rather loose morals, whom He met beside the well of Sychar! The longest of all His reported conversations was with her; and His disciples wondered that He spent any time at all upon such an ignoble person. If Christians would exercise their ingenuity and set themselves resolutely to work—just as many a tradesman does to attract customers—they might win converts in every year of their lives. Look out for opportunities; if they do not come to you, make them!

3. Perseverance is the next qualification; for all good work may come to nothing which is given up when half done. There is a lot of half-finished work lying about in our spiritual workshops. I often commend the example of Harlan Page (whose fertilizing biography is published by the American Tract Society) as the model of godly activity. He had the gift of continuance. If he had stopped off discouraged on that winter night when he was talking to young E. F. H. at the street corner, then it is possible that New York would have lost one of its best pastors. "Why do you tell that boy the same thing twenty times?" "Because," replied Susannah Wesley, "the other nineteen would go for nothing unless the twentieth makes an impression." God's Spirit is wonderfully persevering. It is more than likely that He may have been at work many a time on the stubborn heart of Saul between the day when he took part in Stephen's martyrdom and that decisive day on the road to Damascus. Hold on, brother!

4. But no patient and painstaking perseverance will avail without fervent, im-

portunate Prayer. The Salvation Army makes a good deal of what they call "knee-drill;" and we of the "regular" army may well imitate them in this, as in several other of their wise tactics. However difficult the effort to bring a soul to Christ, prayer enlists the divine power, and then victory follows. From the Apostles' day to our day, the men and women who bring in the big sheaves have been instant in prayer. The first book of the New Testament ever written contains the injunction, "Pray without ceasing." Even if the lips do not utter, be constant, and to such importunity God does not deny the blessing.

Brother, sister, have you attained to these four P's? Then your pastor's heart will be gladdened, and your church will be strengthened, and you will get one of the sweetest joys of heaven in advance. God will give you souls as your great reward.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE SIX BEST BOOKS

What Reading People Read

SUGGESTIONS concerning what to read and how to read are helpful, but after all there is nothing that we so much desire to know as what books reading people are reading. So for our annual Book Number we again ask a goodly number of people whose opinions are worth heeding to tell us the names of the six best books that they have read during the last year. We group the replies which, we are confident, will be read with avidity:—

Jane Bancroft Robinson.—I am too busy a woman to read many books, and I am afraid that the list I send you will seem to be old in date, and perhaps not of so much interest to your readers. I have read with much profit "The Romance of Christian Work," by W. Hay M. H. Altken. I believe that all that shows God working in daily life is of profit to people like myself, who must often speak to others of Christian work. "The Wonderful Century," by A. R. Wallace, is a book that has greatly interested me. Some chapters I have passed as without thought value; but I believe no one can read the first ten chapters without experiencing a feeling of gratitude for living at this time and in this age. I read it when it came out last year, and have reread it this year. "No. 5 John Street," by Richard Whiteing, is a sociological novel that has given me many a valuable thought, I shall keep it by me, to refresh, constantly, my conception of how the other half lives. As my work is so much along Home Mission lines, I have been re-reading parts of "Democracy in America," by DeTocqueville, an old favorite, but whose analyses and prophecies either are always true, or are coming true. And last, a little pamphlet by Dr. Palmer, of Harvard, the "Glory of the Imperfect," has often given me a real uplift, when the work that I am trying to do in life approaches so poorly the level I would like to reach.

Rev. Daniel Steele, D. D.—"System of Christian Doctrine" (not published), by Dr. H. C. Sheldon of Boston University. "The Integrity of Christian Science," by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Mozley on "Miracles." Lacordaire's "Conferences on Jesus Christ at Notre Dame, Paris." "The Sign of Thy Coming," by G. W. Wilson. "Christ Came Again," by Dr. W. S. Urmy.

Louise Manning Hodgkins.—The six books that I have found most interesting this year have been so because they have adapted themselves to a "Wander-Jahr," and are not at all in the line of my general reading; but they may be none the less interesting on that account. Here are six out of twenty: Chamberlain's "Things Japanese;" Mitford's "Old Japan;" Holmes' "Indian Mutiny;" Oliphant's "St. Francis of Assisi;" Steele's "Voices in the Night;" Wenyon's "Across

Siberia." These are all books, as you see, that lent interest to my round-the-world journey, and were "best books" for the occasion.

Emily Huntington Miller.—I'm not sure about "best books," but the books which have most deeply interested me during the past year are: "Ave Roma," Marion Crawford; "The Reign of Law," James Lane Allen, and "The Redemption of David Corson," Charles Frederic Goss (two books that should be read together); "Hypnotism in Mental and Moral Culture," Quacken-

Lydia Maria Child also—but the list is full of these alone. Then of travel and exploration. The heroes of both are still too well remembered for their stories to come into my list. But there are lesser chronicles to be enjoyed: "Too Late for Gordon and Khartoum," by Macdonald, and Jephson's "Emin Pasha and the Rebellion" have brought Africa and the Soudan vividly to mind again—not to mention some later Arctic explorations. For fiction it seems to me that no recent novel can compare in terrible pathos and power with that Jewish story of two years



From "Vesty of the Basins."

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ELDER SKATES AT HOME. WEATHER PROSPECTS

bos; "Laws of Psychic Phenomena," Hudson; "Diary of an Old Soul," George Macdonald.

Rev. James Mudge, D. D.—A. T. Pierson's "Life of George Muller;" John Foster's "A Century of American Diplomacy;" S. Wells Williams' "The Middle Kingdom;" Henry S. Nash's "The History of the Higher Criticism of the New Testament;" Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Eleanor;" and the "Life of James Martineau."

Prof. M. S. Terry, S. T. D.—1. R. H. Charles: "Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life" (reviewed by me in last number of the *American Journal of Theology*). 2. George B. Stevens: "Theology of the New Testament." 3. Abraham Kuyper: "The Work of the Holy Spirit." 4. Petrus J. Blok: "History of the People of the Netherlands" (2 vols.). 5. Samuel Wesley's Poem on "The Life of Christ," just republished by the Chicago Union Book Company, has interested me not a little. 6. Carpenter and Harford-Battersby on "The Hexateuch" (London, 1900).

Adeline Trafton Knox.—I have read this year, by chance and partly by choice, many old books, so that my list should be headed, "Some Forgotten Books." I dearly love a book that has stood the test of time and of many minds. Among all these it would be impossible to choose or to set one above another. There would be many "Lives and Letters:" Of "Arndt;" of "Bernard of Clairvaux," by Storrs; Carlyle's "Reminiscences," to call to mind his touching tribute to his fold father, the peasant stone-mason, who had rough-hewn Carlyle himself into much that he was to be; delightful Mrs. Delany's "Autobiography and Letters," and S. Piozzi's "Life;" the "Letters" of our own

ago—was it not?—written from the depths of a Jew's own heart—Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto." This could hardly be called a "forgotten" book; it has never, I believe, been widely read.

Rev. S. F. Upham, D. D.—Among many others read during the last year the following are the "six best books: "The Puritans in Holland, England and America" (2 vols.), by Douglas Campbell; "The Clerical Life," by John Watson, D. D.; "A Hero and Some Other Folks," by W. A. Quayle; "The Making and Unmaking of the Preacher," by W. J. Tucker; "Reasons for Faith in Christianity," by John M'D. Leavitt; "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation," by John R. Mott.

Prof. Olin A. Curtis, D. D.—The six books of my reading year which, on the whole, regardless of their teaching, I consider as the most worthy of notice, are these: 1. "Studies of the Portrait of Christ" (2 vols.), by George Matheson. 2. "The Christian Salvation," by James S. Candlish. 3. "The Ascent Through Christ"—Christian doctrine from the standpoint of an evolutionist—by E. Griffith-Jones. 4. Vol. V of McMaster's "History of the People of the United States." 5. "Oliver Cromwell," by Theodore Roosevelt, taken with John Morley's "Cromwell." 6. Tolstoy's "Resurrection." This is, to me, the greatest book of the last ten years, in any department of literature; but it is a work exceedingly unfair in relation to society, and unsound in relation to Christian belief, and unwholesome in relation to almost everything. And yet the inner heart of the book is so true, and the note of reality so vibrant, and the original power so tremendous, that I have been moved for good to the core of my being. It is a

book, however, of which all the conventional people should beware.

Myra Goodwin Plantz.—"The Christian Life," by Dr. Bowne, is the best study of religious truths from the mental side. "Great Books as Life's Teachers," by Dr. N. D. Hillis, is, like all of his books, helpful and inspiring. "Browning as a Philosopher and Religious Teacher," by Henry Jones, and the "Browning Love Letters" are helpful in appreciating Browning lore. "Alice of Old Vincennes," by Maurice Thompson, was the best historical novel that came my way—truer to life and history than the others. "The Reign of Law" was "best" in its poetical beauty and in showing how much good sense and real wisdom a woman has who believes, and how weak a man is who lets some scientific truths sweep away his foundations of eternal truth.

Sam Walter Foss.—"The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War," John Fliske; "A Century of Science," John Fliske; "Robert Louis Stevenson's Letters to His Family," "Heredity and Human Progress," W. D. McKim; "The Life of Francis Parkman," Charles H. Farnham; "An American Anthology," E. C. Stedman.

Prof. H. C. Sheldon, S. T. D.—Among books of recent issue in the English language which I have read during the past year the following seem to me worthy of mention: James Ward, "Naturalism and Agnosticism"; S. R. Driver and Others, "Authority and Archaeology"; John Caird, "Fundamental Ideas of Christianity"; W. R. Inge, "Christian Mysticism"; Adolf Harnack, Vol. VII of the "History of Dogma"; R. H. Charles, "A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life in Israel, in Judaism, and in Christianity." Some less recent treatises, and some not in the English tongue, might be mentioned as rivaling those named in the measure of edification afforded.

Robert F. Raymond.—It is a hard question for a man whose business largely shuts out the delights and benefits of extended reading. It may serve some useful end, however, to hear from a busy man, who desires to keep his eyes and mind open to the progress of thought. In a different mood, on another day, the list might be slightly modified. I assume that you exclude the One Book and reading merely professional. Aside from those, the books read with greatest profit during the year are: 1. "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850," Rhodes. 2. "Principles of Literary Criticism," Winchester. 3. "Philosophy of Theism," Bowne. 4. "Principles of International Law," T. J. Lawrence. 5. "History of the Christian Church," Hurst. 6. "History of Methodism," Buckley. I realize that this list omits some books to which I shall be compelled humbly to apologize when next I see their friendly faces.

Dr. William North Rice.—It is rather a paradoxical thing for a man who lives among books to say, but I do not believe I have read six books in the last year. In fact, I very seldom read a book. I look at indexes and tables of contents, and dip into a great many books. Rarely, as a sort of recreation, I read some thoroughly good work of literature. That experience happens most frequently in the summer vacation; but this last summer I was in France on a geological excursion, and scarcely read anything. I do not believe, therefore, that I can give an answer to your letter which would be of any service to your readers.

Rev. Henry A. Buchtel, D. D.—1. Marvin R. Vincent's "Textual Criticism of the New Testament." 2. David S. Muzzey's "Rise of the New Testament." 3. Arthur Wright's "Some New Testament Problems." 4. President Eliot's "Educational Reform." 5. President Gilman's "University Problems." 6. Francis A. Walker's "Discussions on Education."

Rev. E. S. Tipple, D. D.—1. "Christian Missions and Social Progress," Dennis. 2. "The Gurneys of Earlham," Hare. 3. "Yale Lectures on Preaching," Beecher. 4. "Reminiscences," Julia Ward Howe. 5. "The Cross in Tradition, History and Art," Seymour. 6. "An Outline of Christian Theology," Clarke.

Prof. Charles M. Stuart.—The best books I have read during the last year were not this year's productions. For your Book Number, however, I suppose you want nothing else; so with the proviso that I might, tomorrow, decide upon another list, I send you the following: 1. Stedman's "American Anthology." 2. Spur-

geon's "Autobiography." 3. Chadwick's "Theodore Parker." 4. Smith's "Chinese Characteristics." 5. Sermons by W. L. Watkinson. 6. Barrie's "Tommy and Grizel."

Rev. J. E. Jacklin, D. D.—I have found much profit and inspiration in reading: "The Christian Life," by Prof. B. P. Bowne; "Back to Christ," by Walter Spence; "Studies of the Portrait of Christ," by George Matheson; "The Life that Really Is," by Lyman Abbott; "The Ministry to the Congregation," by John A. Kern.

Rev. D. C. Knowles, D. D.—1. Bishop Foster's "Studies in Theology—Sin." 2. "The Foundations of Christian Faith," Dr. Rishell. 3. "The Heart of Christ," Sears. 4. "The Christology of Jesus," Stalker. 5. Clark's "Theology." 6. Life of Alexander the Great. The first three books I regard as the most helpful of the six. Of course this does not cover a wide range of current literature which one must read in order to keep abreast with the times.

Prof. F. Spencer Baldwin.—The following are perhaps the best books that I have read during the year: Robert Louis Stevenson's "Letters"; John Morley's "Oliver Cromwell"; Richard Whiteing's "No. 5 John Street"; Eden Phillpotts' "Children of the Mist"; G. Bernard Shaw's "The Unsocial Socialist"; Alfred Russel Wallace's "The Wonderful Century."

Prof. Geo. A. Coe.—Understanding your question to refer to general books of general rather than technical interest, I reply: Bowne: "The Christian Life." Bowne: "The Atonement." Starbuck: "Psychology of Religion." Ralph Connor: "Black Rock." Dunne: "Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen." W. Churchill: "Richard Carvel."

Frances Bent Dillingham.—At first I thought your request had placed me in somewhat of a quandary, and I wondered how much I had read that was really "best"; then I realized that you had placed me under obligation to you, for it is good to be called to account for what we had supposed were to be unrecorded acts. I have read few new books this year, I have had so little time; but the best of the new ones was Ernest Seton Thompson's "Wild Animals I Have Known," because it opened a new world to me. Then I received again a lasting and delicate amusement from that book which I had not read for some time, Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice." To me Macaulay's "History of England"—which I had before read only in snatches, and which I have not yet quite finished—was stimulating and stirring; though it sometimes stirs to anger. But best of all, though last of all, were these letters which I should have read some time ago, but which I regret are now a past pleasure, if books like these can ever be placed in the past—Lowell's, the Brownings' and George Eliot's "Letters." I do not know when I have experienced more genuine delight in the world of letters than when reading the first two of these.

Prof. Thomas Bond Lindsay.—I assume that you want names of books of general interest, and new books. The following occur to me as all good, if not the best: "Bob, Son of Battle"; "Elizabeth and her German Garden"; "Monsieur Beaucaire"; "Paolo and Francesca"; "The Second Coming"; "Powers that Prey."

Rev. Hosea Hewitt.—Six best books read during 1900: Biography—Plutarch's "Lives" (Langhorne's translation). Philosophy—MacKenzie's "Ethics." Poetry—Moore's "Lalla Rookh," and Shakespeare's Plays: Macbeth (re-read fifth time), Hamlet (ninth time), empest (sixth time), King John (third time), King Lear (second time), Merchant of Venice (third time), Midsummer Night's Dream (read first time). Theology—"Lux Mundi," edited by Dr. C. Gore, and Hastings' "Dictionary of Bible," Vol. III, articles of Dr. Driver and Dr. Denny on "Law" in New Testament and Old Testament, "Love," by Dr. Orr, and "Life and Death," by G. C. Martin. But for the supernumeration, Burrow's "Bible in Spain" might be bracketed with any of the above for the delight its reading has given.

Ira S. Locke.—I have little opportunity for miscellaneous reading in addition to my periodicals, and have spent the most of it the past two years on the standard works of Stevens, Buckley, Tyerman, Campbell, and Guizot. I have read two works of fiction the past year that had been cordially commended. My

time could have been better spent. It is not often I read a recent book, but the best of the most recent ones I have read were: 1. "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt"—helpful, clear, strong. 2. "The Making of Methodism," by John J. Tigert, D. D.—important to all students interested in the beginnings of Methodist institutions. 3. "Making the Million"—simple, helpful, and will do the wisest good. 4. "Through Nature to God"—over-rated. 5. "Wild Animals I Have Known," and, 6. "My Summer in a Garden"—the last two to be commended to the shooting fraternity as an antidote to inherited ancestral proclivities.

Rev. S. P. Cadman, D. D.—Among the books I have read the six best are, perhaps: (1) The Biography of Archbishop Edward White Benson, of Canterbury. (2) Dean R. W. Church upon "St. Anselm." (3) "Eleanor," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. (4) Professor Sanday on Romans in International Commentary. (5) The "Letters" of James Smetham. (6) "The Christian Ecclesia," by Rev. Dr. Hort.

Adelaide S. Seaverns.—Out of the many good books of the year's output it is hard to choose; but the following, perhaps, in their special lines, rise considerably above their fellows: "The Age of Faith," by Amory H. Bradford, D. D.; "Yesterdays with Authors" (new illustrated edition), by James T. Fields; "Eleanor," by Mrs. Humphry Ward; "Penelope's Experiences," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "Tommy and Grizel," by James M. Barrie; "Winsome Womanhood," by Margaret E. Sangster.

Some Book Concern Volumes

THE most pretentious and important work of the year, just from the press, is Dr. Rogers' HISTORY OF BABYLONIA AND ASSYRIA (in two volumes, per set \$5). These handsome volumes represent the ripe and critical study of a conservative scholar and specialist. The author has devoted ten laborious years to the preparation of this work,



ROBERT WILLIAM ROGERS,
Ph.D. (Leipzig), LL.D., F.R.G.S.

spending much time in original research in the deserted lands of Babylonia and Assyria and in the museums and libraries which contain the testimony of the ages. Our ministers will find this work of special suggestiveness and service in preparation for the pulpit.

One of the best selling and most highly appreciated volumes is Dr. Mudge's HONEY FROM MANY HIVES (\$1). Dr. Mudge has



JAMES MUDGE, D.D.

chosen with much skill the most attractive passages in such works of recognized value as "The Imitation of Christ," Rodriguez's

"Christian Perfection," and Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Holy Dying." In other chapters he ranges over all the works of the great Christian authors, like Fénelon, Bishop Upham, St. Francis de Sales, and Frederick William Faber. The opening chapter is an essay on devotional reading, filled with wise thoughts and beautiful language.

Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D. D., has become one of the most voluminous of authors, and his books have a steady and



LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

large sale. THE GREAT SINNERS OF THE BIBLE (\$1.50) is made up of twenty-eight sermons delivered as a series on Sunday evenings. These discourses are pointed, forceful, brilliant with fresh illustrations, and convincing.

Dr. Stephen L. Baldwin has devoted his life to missionary work and to the study of missions. Being a practical specialist, he was prepared to write one of the best



STEPHEN L. BALDWIN, D.D.

books of the era on the subject, as he has done. His FOREIGN MISSIONS OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCHES (\$1) is, therefore, heartily commended to our readers. It should have place in all Sunday-schools and in all of our homes.

Perhaps the volume which is attracting most attention from scholars generally, and is receiving highest praise from many, is Dr. George A. Coe's THE SPIRITUAL LIFE



GEORGE A. COE, PH.D.

(\$1). ZION'S HERALD said of this book, in reviewing it: "Professor Coe has rendered a substantial service to both religion and science in the publication of this volume."

AMONG THE DUNES, by Mrs. D. L. Rhone (\$1), is receiving hearty commendation from standard critics, as is shown by the follow-

ing opinions: It is a pleasure of the simplest and purest sort to turn from the high-press-



MRS. D. L. RHONE.

ure novels of the day and read a tender and touching romance like this story of the far north.— *New York Independent*. The narrative has a wonderful, fresh, salt-sea flavor, and the strange series of events culminate in a most dramatic situation.— *Boston Advertiser*.

Rev. George Clark Peck has produced a volume on BIBLE TRAGEDIES (\$1) which is



GEORGE CLARK PECK.

challenging general and favorable attention. Rev. Dr. Geo. P. Mains of the Book Concern, who heard these sermonic addresses, writes an "Introduction" for the volume, in which he commends them with high praise.

William O. Stoddard is well known as a writer of fascinating stories. His ULRIC THE JARL, A Story of the Penitent Thief, illustrated from original drawings by George T. Tobin (\$1.50), is the story of a



WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

young Saxon chief, who goes to Rome. He becomes a vassal, and, like many another barbarian, is made a gladiator. In one of his contests he is severely injured by wild beasts. He is in danger of having to finish his life a cripple, but he is taken to the Saviour, who heals his wrecked limbs. Then begins a series of curious circumstances through which Ulríc is brought to crucifixion.

It seems like a work of supererogation to commend any of the books of Egerton R. Young. There is a peculiar charm and fascination in his volumes, while the spirit and tone are always wholesome and inspiring. Parents who desire to supply the eager minds of their children with books

that will occupy and enthrall and at the same time do them good, cannot do better than to purchase Dr. Young's books. The Book Concern publishes three of his volumes: WINTER ADVENTURES OF THREE BOYS IN THE GREAT LONE LAND (\$1.25); THREE BOYS IN THE WILD NORTH LAND



EGERTON R. YOUNG.

(\$1.25); THE APOSTLE OF THE NORTH, JAMES EVANS (\$1.25).

CHOOSING A LIFE WORK, by Dr. L. R. Fiske (90 cents), is just the book to put into the hands of the young man who stands on the threshold of life and needs words of practical and wholesome counsel. ZION'S HERALD gladly said of this volume when it came for review: "Choosing a Life Work" is a sane and healthy book, written by one who has had experience as a teacher, and has been called to help many perplexed young men and women to make the critical



L. R. FISKE, LL.D.

decision in their choice of the work of life. Few men, by experience and genuine sympathy with young people, were as well qualified to write this volume."

In these days of pervasive doubt and questioning of everything sacred, there is no better antidote, in its scope and compass, than Prof. John Duncan Quackenbos' volume on ENEMIES AND EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY: Thoughts on Questions of



JOHN DUNCAN QUACKENBOS.

the Hour (\$1.50). The *New York Observer* thus fittingly and justly characterizes this volume: "False religions are examined with keen, searching analysis. Their errors are exposed, their claims confuted, and finally they are judged by the maxim, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Professor Quackenbos has done his work well."

These volumes are on sale at the Boston Depository, 38 Bromfield St., by C. R. Magee, and will be sent at prices named, postage prepaid.

THE FAMILY

THE BEDESMAN OF THE YEAR

Stands Time, the gray old bedesman,
And loosely through his hold
Slip down the days like carven beads,
Silver and dusk and gold.

And each day hath its whispered prayer,
Each one its patron saint,
And each its holy memories
Like incense sweet and faint.

O gray old bedesman, when you've told
Life's rosary all through,
Leave us the old life's memory
To consecrate the new.

— SHARLOT M. HALL, in *Midland Monthly*.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS

REV. T. CORWIN WATKINS, D. D.

SINCE writing the article on "Books for Boys," I have received many letters asking me why the girls were left out. I wrote for boys especially because I had discovered that in the selection of books for the Sunday-school libraries, and also for home use, the boys had been neglected. But I am interested in girls to the extent that I have critically examined nearly all the books recently published, which I thought might be at all suitable and safe for a girl to read. Having examined three hundred carefully selected from a dozen catalogues of reputable publishing houses, I found, upon reading them, that less than one hundred were suitable for a Sunday-school library. Most of those rejected were not "dangerous," but simply insipid, and to read them would be to waste time and vitiate the taste. Some have beautiful and true characters, but their surroundings are so glittering and unreal that they attract the attention of the reader away from the good qualities of the heroine and make the real life of the reader seem more gloomy and burdensome instead of brighter and lighter.

Some good books are poorly illustrated. Some of our large publishing houses are still bringing out illustrated books from plates made twenty years ago. Now a boy may laugh at the crude illustrations, but if the book is interesting he will read it. It is quite different with a girl. There are anachronisms in art as well as in literature. If a girl of today, large or small, opens a book and finds therein a picture of a little girl in pantalets or a woman in hoop-skirts, she is done with that book forever — or till these come into fashion again. A girl does not take kindly to books of history, adventure or war, unless they are arranged in little clusters of social life. For this reason books like "A Little Girl in Old New York," "A Little Maid of Old Concord Town," "A Little Girl in Old Philadelphia," and the "Witch Winnie" series, are always interesting to girls, and while reading them they learn history and the customs and manners of people in different nations and at different periods of the world's history. In this class of books, for older girls [especially, I would place "Eben Holden." There is a vein of quaint and semi-religious philosophy running through the whole book that is simply charming. The hero and heroine, though

they become talented and educated, are genuine, wholesome, every-day sort of folks. The girl who reads this book will never forget the great men of the Civil War, or the awful events connected with the first great battle. A girl, unlike a boy, will read a religious book if it contains a bit of romance. Therefore, for older girls, that old book, "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," will always be readable and popular, and such books as "A Singular Life" will have a charm for them.

There are many good books for girls besides those found in the lists below, but they are probably already in the library, while these are, for the most part, recent publications, and therefore not so likely to be in the libraries or the homes. The "Three Margarets" and its sequel, "Margaret Montford," "The Orcutt Girls" and its sequel, "Sue Orcutt," and the Little Pepper Series, by Margaret Sidney, are all standard books for girls, and should be in every Sunday-school library. The "Witch Winnie" books mentioned above are written in an elegant style, and are full of information, fun and good sense; but they are adapted to older girls only.

I want to emphasize once more the advisability of purchasing the best bound and best illustrated books. What we are seeking for our boys and girls is all-round culture. Attractive binding, good print, good paper, good pictures, and a good literary style will cultivate a taste for all good things.

For Younger Girls

Almost as Good as a Boy,	Amanda M. Douglas
Brownies Around the World,	Palmer Cox
Bony and Ban,	Mary H. Catherwood
Bernie's White Chicken,	Pansy
Betty Leicester's Christmas,	Sara Orne Jewett
Child Amy, The,	Julia Magruder
Cat's Fairy Land, The,	Mrs. Mary Johnson
Christie's Christmas,	Pansy
Castle Daffodil,	Martha B. Banks
Cis Martin,	Louise R. Baker
Dozen Good Times, A,	Mrs. Geo. Archibald
Dorothy Deane,	Ellen O. Kirke
Dogberry Bunch,	Mary H. Catherwood
Ednah and Her Brothers,	Eliza Orne White
Flock of Girls and Boys, A,	Nora Perry
Fairies of Fern Dingle, The,	Harriet A. Cheever
Five Little Peppers, and How they Grew,	Margaret Sidney
Five Little Peppers — Midway,	Margaret Sidney
Five Little Peppers — Grown Up,	Margaret Sidney
Getting Ahead,	Pansy
Gingham Bag, The,	Margaret Sidney
Gap in the Fence, The,	Harriet L. Jerome
Gypsy Breynton,	Elizabeth S. Phelps
Gypsy's Cousin Joy,	Elizabeth S. Phelps
Gypsy's Sowing and Reaping,	Elizabeth S. Phelps
Gypsy's Year at the Golden Crescent,	Elizabeth S. Phelps
Hannah Ann, sequel to "A Little Girl in Old New York,"	Amanda M. Douglas
Kathie's Soldiers,	Amanda M. Douglas
Kathie in the Ranks,	Amanda M. Douglas
Little Miss Boston,	Harriet A. Cheever
Links of Gold,	Harriet A. Cheever
Laura's Holidays,	Henrietta R. Elliot
Little Girl of Long Ago, A,	Eliza O. White
Little Daughter,	Grace Le Baron
Little Miss Faith,	Grace Le Baron
Little Girl in Old New York, A,	A. M. Douglas
Little Girl in Old Philadelphia, A,	A. M. Douglas
Little New England Maid, A,	Kate T. Woods
Lady Gay,	Mrs. Geo. Archibald
Me and My Dolls,	Laura J. Meade
Miss Matilda Archambeau Van Dorn,	Elizabeth Cummings
Margaret Montford, a sequel to "Three Margarets,"	Laura E. Richards
Mopsy,	Kate Tannatt Woods
Marjory and Her Neighbors,	Louise E. Catlin

New Departure for Girls, A, Margaret Sidney
Nannie's Happy Childhood,

Odd Little Lass, An,	Caroline Leslie Field
Pansy Billings and Popsy,	Jessie E. Wright
Phronsie Pepper,	Helen H. Jackson
Proud Little Baxter,	Margaret Sidney
Partners, The,	Frances B. Dillingham
Quicksilver Sue,	William O. Stoddard
Queer Janet,	Laura E. Richards
Squirrels and other Fur Bearers,	Grace Le Baron

Story of a Child, The,	John Burroughs
Story Hour, The,	Margaret Deland
Seraph, the Little Violinist,	Kate Douglas Wiggin
Six Little Girls,	C. V. Jamison
Snow White,	Pansy
Story of Little Jane and Me,	Laura E. Richards
Three Margarets,	M. E.
Tom and Dorothy,	Laura E. Richards
That Mary Ann,	Margaret Sidney
Timothy Tatters	Kate Upson Clark

Two Little Street Singers,	Nora A. M. Roe
Two Little Pilgrims' Progress,	Frances Hodgdon Burnett
Told Under the Cherry Trees,	Grace Le Baron
When Molly was Six,	Eliza Orne White
When Grandmamma was New	Marion Harland

For Older Girls

Annice Wynkoop, Artist,	Adelaide L. Rouse
A Young Savage,	Barbara Yechton
Betty Alden,	Jane G. Austin
Ethel's Year at Ashton,	Mrs. S. E. Dawes
Every-day Heroine, An,	Mary A. Denison
Ester Reid,	Pansy
Ester Reid Yet Speaking	Pansy
Fortune's Boats,	Barbara Yechton
Golden Gossip, A,	A. D. T. Whitney
Girl of '76, A,	Amy E. Blanchard
Hester,	Margaret Sidney
His Best Friend,	Jessie W. Whitcomb
In One Girl's Experience,	Mary H. Howell
Island Heroine, An,	Mary B. Sleight
Jean's Opportunity,	Howe Benning
Jessie Wells,	Pansy
Little Maid of Concord Town,	Margaret Sidney
Modern Sacrifice, A,	Pansy
Marjory's Canadian Winter,	Agnes Machar
My Girls,	Lida A. Churchill
Marm Lisa,	Kate D. Wiggin
Malvern,	Ellen D. Deland
Orcutt Girls, The,	Charlotte M. Valle
Piokee, sequel to "Two Young Homesteaders,"	Theodora R. Jenness

Peggy, Laura E. Richards
Reuben's Hindrances, Pansy

Sue Orcutt, sequel to "The Orcutt Girls," Charlotte M. Valle

Sisters Three,	Jessie Mansergh
Square Pegs,	Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney
Standish of Standish,	Jane G. Austin
That Queer Girl,	Virginia F. Townsend
Two Young Homesteaders,	Theo. R. Jenness
Why Not?	Myra Goodwin Plants
Winsome Womanhood,	Margaret E. Sangster
Witch Winnie,	Elizabeth W. Champney
Witch Winnie's Mystery,	E. W. Champney
Witch Winnie's Studio,	E. W. Champney
Witch Winnie in Paris,	E. W. Champney
Witch Winnie in Versailles,	E. W. Champney
Witch Winnie at Shinnecook,	E. W. Champney
Witch Winnie in Holland,	E. W. Champney
Witch Winnie in Venice,	E. W. Champney
Witch Winnie in Spain,	E. W. Champney

And now just let me say a word about the handling of a new book. If you open wide the ordinary new book the first time you look into it, you will do it a wrong that will not be righted till the book is rebound, and that will need to be very soon. Open each leaf separately with the right hand, hold it down with the left, and then rub the lower edge gently with the fingers of the right hand. Do this with all the leaves before you read the book. It will not take more than ten minutes. If you fail to do this, the book will break and become uneven on the edge and soon go to pieces. Do not try to make a book lie open on the table, or impatiently bend it back while reading. When you stop reading do not insert a bookmark thicker than a sheet of paper, nor lay it upon the table open, and with the face

downward. If you want to ruin a Sunday-school library book in short order, then put your lesson helps, Sunday-school papers and library card between its pages and squeeze it under your arm all the way home. These beautiful books are our friends, and should be treated courteously.

Auburndale, Mass.

STEALING A MARCH ON CHRISTMAS

"YES," Mrs. Graham said, "the Christmas column of my journal is a source of pleasure to me all the year round, and I hope it carries a bit of cheer or comfort to my friends when its results reach them."

"How do you find space to write out any notes for the future?" questioned her friend, Mrs. Holloway. "I find hardly enough room in my diary for a record of past happenings."

"Would you really care to see mine? It is quite out of the conventional order of well-bound, gilt-edged journals. Just to make allowance for my Christmas column and for any extra memoranda that I may need after the year closes, I always buy twelve rather thin blank-books and rule off a column about two inches wide at the right of each page; but it would be perfectly feasible to have a separate Christmas book if one chose. It is easier for me," she continued, as she opened her desk, "to write each date myself. One's chronicles sometimes refuse to be condensed or expanded to conform to the space which a printer has allowed. It may give you my plan better if I read you last year's journal, with footnotes for your benefit:

"Dec. 25. Kate's Greek scholars gave her seven of the American Statesmen series. Finish set for her if possible."

"Such a phenomenal way to take time by the forelock I never heard!" exclaimed Mrs. Holloway.

"I have several other notes for that date. It is a simple thing to catch people's wants when their hands are so full of gifts that they never dream of further possessions."

"Horace Whitney's mother gave him a couch for his room at college. Horace is John's chum, you know. 'Make pillow-cover for next year. John can give pillow."

"Ellen admired M.'s Japanese screen. Look at Neesima's for one."

Mrs. Holloway interrupted with a sigh. "I should despair," she said, "of competing with you. But really I can see already what a start it gives to begin before the day's gifts are fairly cold. Do you keep up this pace all through the year?"

"No, indeed," Mrs. Graham said, with a laugh at her friend's dismayed look. Tracing her pen lightly over page after page, she continued: "There is nothing more until Feb. 3. Then I have: 'Norah Mullen's coat looks very shabby. Make golf cape from mother's gray Himalaya shawl.'"

A flush crept into the sweet face as she read this, but she added, brightly: "I am not always able to give new or expensive gifts, but by taking things early I can use my time to save my purse. Mrs. Mullens was married from our home after seven years of faithful service, and I know that mother would be glad to have her clothing used to keep Norah comfortable."

"For March 5 I have written: 'Spent the day with Elizabeth Stone. She admired the lace I was doing and wished that her eyes would allow her to sew. Make an oblong piece for her dressing-table.'"

"March 12 says: 'Aunt Mary ran over today to read me a new poem of Christina

Rossetti's. She saves every one that she comes across. Price the complete volume when in town the next time.'"

"I envy your Aunt Mary," commented Mrs. Holloway, "for I share her love for the choice thoughts that have come to us from that source."

Mrs. Graham made a surreptitious note in her book before she read the next item. "April 5 was my birthday and Oliver gave me that beautiful rug in front of my desk. Cousin Laura was here on a visit and expressed a pent-up wish for 'one thing in her whole house whose colors were not on the war-path,' so I have written: 'Ask all the cousins to combine and send Laura an Oriental rug for her sitting-room.'"

"June 11. Received prospectus of next year's Sunday-school lessons. Why not give my class a set of pictures on the life of Christ?"

"I should like to know," interrupted Mrs. Holloway, "if you have all your presents planned in this way, what you do when the sales and fairs begin to flood the town? My husband calls them snares and fails, for I invariably start out with a full purse and high hopes of combining present charity with a long line of check marks on my Christmas list. It is always the same old story of two stools, and I come home cross and tired, laden heavily enough, but with absolutely nothing that would be appropriate or acceptable to one of my friends, and with a purse as flat as my hopes."

Laughing at the doleful tale, Mrs. Graham said: "Oh, yes, I buy at fairs, but I always tuck into my bag a list of the friends for whom I have made no special provision. I remember one dreadful year, after the fair season was over, counting up fourteen doilies—I had made several already—and most of my women friends and relatives were embroidering them at the rate of three a week. What did I do with them? Well, after much pondering I laid aside three of the prettiest for the friend whose eyesight has failed, distributed several about my own home, and put some—don't think it incongruous—into the missionary barrel. That stock of doilies was the means of my promotion into another grade of giving."

"Read on," urged Mrs. Holloway, "I feel the stirrings of common sense. Proceed to inspire, please."

Mrs. Graham turned the leaves thoughtfully. "I am wondering just what you would most care to hear. Oh, I have it now. Early in the winter I had been deputed to visit, occasionally, three of the elderly people of our church, and there was impressed upon me the unutterable longing that must come to see beyond the four walls, however bright they might have been made, to the beautiful outdoor world. I jotted down an item in my book with this result: half a dozen of us used our eyes and our cameras all through the summer, taking pictures of woods and water and in cases where it was possible of the old homesteads. These views we combined at Christmas time into portfolios for our shut-in friends."

"What a delightful idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Holloway. "I shall adopt that immediately and begin some water-color sketches for the covers this very day. Yes," she added, softly, "I shall do in fancy lettering,

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Lie drest in living green."

"You have improved already upon my meagre ideas, as I supposed you would," Mrs. Graham replied, as she gave her friend a loving glance. "Then," she continued, "for this year a little band of children are pressing the wild flowers as they come and the old-fashioned garden flowers.

They are mounting them on paper and tying them together for the same purpose."

"That must be a fund of enjoyment and safety for the children, and I can imagine how the memories will rush in with fresh comfort for the lonely lives," said Mrs. Holloway.

"Yes, and if there are some stray blots of paste the grandmas will prize them all the more," said Mrs. Graham, with a smile. "I am afraid the rest of my book is too commonplace to read. Just two or three more and that will surely be sufficient:

"Sept. 6. Mrs. Williams spent the day. Dropped her handkerchief six times. Complains of new styles for old folks. Make her a handkerchief and glasses' bag of black satin."

"Sept. 20. At Emily's for a few hours this afternoon. Noticed that she had to throw the pieces of her work into the fireplace. Buy scrap-basket for her room."

"Saw lamp globes advertised at K's. Look for one for John. His is cracked to the verge of breaking."

"Have finished 'The Sky Pilot.' Get a copy for Cousin Louise. The canyon-flower chapter will comfort her and say to her what I have wanted to say, but never dared."

"Oliver's Armenian protégé goes home the last of December as a minister to his people. Make up a calendar, with notes from his friends here, to cheer him in his trying work."

"Lunched with Sue G. A homely pitcher on the table. Know she must hate it. Get a pretty one for her."

"Start bulbs for Miss Peters. Her rooms look cheerless enough."

"Had a long talk with Julia B. Fear that her trouble is making her lose courage and faith. Buy 'Daily Strength for Daily Needs' in gray cover like my own. Can omit a present for Cousin Sarah to pay for this. S. will be glad to have me do it and accept a note instead."

"Jack and Nell just moved into new house. Make a Guest-Book for her."

"And now you must want to cry 'quarter,'" she said, as she laid aside her book. "I hope you can take my homespun plan and develop from it something really worth while."

"Oh, I have guessed your secret," exclaimed Mrs. Holloway, with shining eyes. "You have taken a divining rod more infallible than witch-hazel and have coolly gone about among us all, finding out our secret desires. Perhaps, with common sense and a keener love, there is hope for me to make a satisfactory Christmastide." — SARAH AVERY FAUNCE, in *Congregationalist*.

THE DANGERS OF THE PROOF-READER

GEORGE E. WALSH.

THERE are as many kinds of proof-readers in a great publishing city like New York as there are varieties of apples in a thousand-acre orchard, and their duties are pretty nearly as varied as their mental make-up. There is the proof-reader on the cheap press who lets scores of errors escape him without causing any trouble; the proof-reader for the more careful papers, whose every slip-up calls forth censure from his chief; the proof-reader for the high-class magazines and book-publishing houses, whose work is always checked off by several other readers; and the proof-reader for the musical periodicals and for the scientific and medical press. Of all these varied and interesting readers, the two latter have the hardest

lot of it, and on their shoulders often rests the weight of great responsibility. A slight error of the printer which the proof-reader may overlook sometimes causes trouble that is far-reaching in effect.

For instance, in a medical publication some years ago, a prescription said to have been used with great success by eminent physicians was changed in one particular only. Grammes instead of grains was set up by the printer; the proof-reader failed to detect the error, and the publishers had the first edition on the market before the author notified them of the mistake. The correction was then made by inserting a slip in the rest of the books; but one unfortunate layman who had the prescription filled as published in the book took the fatal dose and died. A suit for \$50,000 damages was brought against the publishers of the book. The proof-reader in that instance caused his employers more loss than his services would amount to for twenty years.

A similar case was that instituted against a publisher of a scientific journal. The publishers made a specialty of printing forms of contracts and similar articles of agreement and specifications. In the estimates made by a construction company for a large contract in the West the form of the agreement was printed, the printer using the type-written copy as a guide. As it was supposed that the printer would follow the type-written copy faithfully, the managers of the company failed to scrutinize carefully every figure and estimate after everything had been verified and proved in the typewritten copy. The printer made a single error in substituting a 9 for a 4 in the first paragraph of the estimate. By itself such an error does not seem very formidable, but when multiplied by other figures, added to and subtracted from, it makes a great difference. In the end the mistake caused litigation that involved thousands of dollars, and eventually the publishers were sued for a large amount. The lawyers got more than their share of the whole matter, and the construction company and publishing house had every reason to think ill of that careless proof-reader.

In all such mistakes it is the proof-reader and not the printer who is responsible for the errors. In order to avoid any such mistakes the publishers of medical periodicals and books, and of technical scientific works, have to adopt a most rigid system of checking off one proof-reader by another. The more reliable houses place the responsibility first upon their subordinates, then upon the author, and finally upon their own shoulders, so that today it is almost impossible for an error to go undetected. Sometimes a dozen or more proofs are read of a single article. The author first sends in his copy and the printer puts it in type. Then the first proof-reader receives the proof and copy and compares the two. They are then passed on to another proof-reader, who inspects the proof while an assistant reads from the copy. A new proof is then struck off, read again in the same way, and copy and a new proof sent to the author. The latter makes his corrections, and another proof comes fresh from the type, and this has to go through the same rigid examination as the first, and finally goes to the author for another revision.

Even this is not always satisfactory. The proof is oftentimes sent to an expert on the question, who goes over the matter to see if by any peculiar mental condition the author has repeatedly made a mistake in his figures—something that happens occasionally, and which no amount of inspection will call his attention to. If this expert approves of the matter, the proof goes to the printer, and the last one is struck off and final errors and corrections made. Instances are on record when even after all this careful proof-reading mistakes have been discovered while the book was on the press, and the machinery had to be stopped while the error was corrected.

New York City.

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE SOLDIERING OF GENERAL CHESTER

MINNA STANWOOD.

HE walked into the sitting-room with a truly martial tread, did General Chester. His uniform was fine. There were the blue ankle trousers, and the severe blue coat with two rows of big brass buttons. Gold braid was on the collar and cuffs, and brave gold-fringed epaulets on the shoulders. From a broad gold belt a sword in a golden scabbard dangled against the very straight pair of legs in the blue trousers. On the golden curls rested a golden helmet with a fierce red plume.

If such a war-like figure were to rush unheralded upon two quiet ladies, sitting sewing of a bright November afternoon, say your mother and your grandmother, would it not be enough to frighten them nearly out of their wits? And if a voice, which tried to be deep and stern, should proclaim: "I'm General Chester, and I'm going to do awful soldiering! My reg'ment's all captains, so they are!" would you blame your mother and your grandmother if they were very much alarmed and wanted to know all about it?

Well, that was the way with General Chester's mother and grandmother that afternoon. At least, that was the way with grandma. Mamma did not always ask questions, because she knew that great generals were men of deeds and not of words, and she could wait. But it was different with grandma. She had been out of the world so long, on account of of her poor deaf ears, that she always wanted to know all the particulars about every single thing that was going on. So she put down her sewing, and made a scoop of her hand behind her ear, and asked: "What was that, Neddle, dear? Grandma didn't hear. What did you say?"

And Neddle, otherwise General Chester, looked annoyed, and explained, not very pleasantly: "We're the Powers, and we're going to march to the relief of Pekin. We're going to do some awful soldiering."

But poor grandma could not hear the cross little voice, and she reached her head farther forward, and asked, eagerly: "What is it, Neddle, dear? Grandma didn't hear. What did you say?"

And then Neddle, otherwise General Chester—oh, I'm so sorry to tell it—banged the sword which was going to the relief of Pekin, and said, loud enough for

grandma to hear this time: "I'm General Chester, and I'm going soldiering, and I can't be bothered with a lot of old questions!"

There was a patient sigh from poor, shut-in grandma as she took up her sewing again, a quick swish, the clatter of a sword, the bang of a door to mark the hasty departure of General Chester, and then a deep, deep silence.

By and by the door opened softly, slowly. A figure stole in. It wore the blue ankle trousers, the blue coat with the double row of buttons, the epaulets, the sword, the golden helmet. But the red plume was not standing up fiercely now; it was drooping, and it told the whole story.

The military figure from whom the martial glory had departed crept up to grandma and put two arms about her neck and whispered: "Neddle's sorry he was cross. I'll tell you all about it when I get back."

It was strange that, although Grandma couldn't hear the cross, loud voice, she seemed to hear this gentle whisper, for her eyes lighted up, as she said, briskly: "Yes, yes, dearie, yes, yes," and kissed the face under the helmet.

The plume began to revive after that. General Chester was looking at his mother.

"The true soldier never forgets to be kind, for kindness is the best soldiering," she remarked, quietly. "And 'he that ruleth his spirit' is better 'than he that taketh a city.' Great soldiers have done both. In the name of kindness, General Chester, go forth!"

Then General Chester doffed his golden helmet in most gentle courtesy to the ladies of his own household, and went forth. It is a matter of history how the Relief Column entered Pekin.

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Mellin's Food

THE development of the infant mind is a wonderfully interesting process. Each day brings a new experience to the little one, and a new word is spoken, which indicates the progress. The brain is greatly influenced by, and is dependent on, the physical condition and general health of the body. In order to maintain the proper physical condition it is absolutely necessary to give the baby proper food.

Mellin's Food and fresh milk is, physiologically, a proper infants' food; it contains the correct amount of necessary nutritive elements, and combines them in the right proportion, and does not introduce insoluble, indigestible, and non-nutritious constituents. Mellin's Food is a food that feeds.

I received the little book and sample of food which you sent and thank you most kindly. In the first six weeks of her little life my baby gained only one pound, but after using Mellin's Food she gained a pound in one week, so you may know how pleased we are with it.

Mrs. PAUL DICKINSON
1812 Melrose St., Chicago, Ill.

I have had most satisfactory results from the use of your Mellin's Food. I raised my boy on it, and found no fretting; and his teething was so natural we hardly noticed them when coming. So great was the effect on the child I decided to try Mellin's Food on my little girl. She is now one year old, has all the front teeth, and is a bright, healthy baby. I cheerfully recommend Mellin's Food to all mothers.

Mrs. B. C. POOR
74 Carolina Ave., Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass.
SEND A POSTAL FOR A FREE
SAMPLE OF MELLIN'S FOOD

Mellin's Food Co., Boston, Mass.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Fourth Quarter Lesson XI

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1900.

LUKE 10: 1-10.

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

ZACCHEUS THE PUBLICAN

I Preliminary

1. **GOLDEN TEXT:** *The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.* — Luke 19: 10.

2. **DATE:** A. D. 30, March.

3. **PLACE:** Jericho.

4. **HOME READINGS:** *Monday* — Luke 19: 1-10. *Tuesday* — Matt. 9: 9-13. *Wednesday* — Heb. 5: 1-9. *Thursday* — Isa. 55: 6-13. *Friday* — Matt. 21: 29-32. *Saturday* — Matt. 18: 7-14. *Sunday* — Rom. 10: 1-10.

II Introductory

It was not unusual at this time — a week before the Passover — for bands of pilgrims from Galilee or Perea to pass through Jericho on their way to the Holy City. But when Jesus approached — the most famous of prophets, and believed by some to be the Messiah himself — attended by a numerous throng, with the healed Bartimeus in their midst, interest was at once aroused, and the "press" was great. Among those who hovered, impatient to see, was a man of questionable position, but of great wealth — Zaccheus, the chief of the publicans. He had heard of Jesus and was eager to see Him, but how? He was too short in stature to look over the people's heads — could he not find some window, or housetop, or tree? In a moment he had decided, and, running rapidly ahead of the crowd, he climbed into the branches of an Egyptian fig tree which was planted in the middle of the road.

His device was a successful one. The crowd swept along towards the very tree in which Zaccheus had perched himself, and his great longing to see the central Figure was gratified. Yes, Zaccheus saw Jesus, but that was not all. Jesus saw Zaccheus — and that was not all. Jesus spoke to Zaccheus: "Make haste and come down; for today I must abide at thy house." Never was summons more unexpected, or more joyfully obeyed. But the multitude, lately so enthusiastic, were disappointed and indignant. They had joined themselves to His caravan as He journeyed southward; they had rehearsed to one another His mighty deeds; they were eager to grace His triumph as He entered the gates of the Holy City; and now that He should turn aside and claim hospitality from "a man whose very profession was a symbol of the national degradation" — their murmurs were loud and angry and unanimous: "He was gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner!"

Zaccheus had not been insensible to the wrathful murmurs of the multitude; but under the dominion of the new and joyful emotions that filled his being, slurs and insults made no impression upon him. Silently, as he went along, he was preparing the way for the Lord to enter his heart as well as his home. He would cheerfully remove every obstacle of avarice, or falsehood, or unfair dealing. He would divide his wealth with the poor. Turning to his

Guest he announced, without preface, his magnanimous decision: "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." Jesus read all the workings of Zaccheus' heart, and knew all that this decision implied. It caused Him joy to find in his host "an Israelite indeed," who was worthy of the name. He hastened to give Zaccheus the assurance for which his heart was secretly waiting.

"This day," said He, "is salvation come to this house, forasmuch as he also is a son of Abraham." "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" — not simply this "lost sheep of the house of Israel," but the lost of every nation and of all time.

III Expository

1, 2. **Entered and passed** — R. V., "was passing." Jericho — about eighteen miles northeast of Jerusalem; now occupied by "the miserable and degraded village of Riha." Zaccheus — a Hebrew name with a Greek ending, signifying "pure." According to tradition he became one of Peter's disciples, and subsequently bishop of Caesarea. **Chief among the publicans** (R. V., "a chief publican") — a position of high rank, and generally conferred by the Romans upon the members of the order of knighthood. Prominent Jews, however, sometimes received the appointment itself or acted with full powers for the absent Roman official. Jericho was a rich and flourishing city, and carried on an extensive traffic in a species of balsam which yielded a heavy revenue. In accepting supervision over the officials who collected this and other revenues, Zaccheus incurred the hatred of his countrymen, because by reason of his energetic and probably oppressive administration he had risen to rank and fortune, and also because, being a Jew, he had consented to become an agent of Roman exaction. **Rich** — Zaccheus hints farther on that not all his wealth had been honestly gained.

3. **Sought to see Jesus** — was anxious to see; partly from curiosity, and partly from a deeper motive, like that which led the Greeks (John 12: 21) to wish to see Jesus. **Who he was** — "what kind of person. Is He one of the old prophets? Or is He the Messiah?" (Whedon.) Zaccheus probably knew that Jesus did not share in the national antipathy towards the publican; that He had even enrolled one of the hated class among His disciples. **Press** — R. V., "the crowd." **Little of stature** — "Every one is 'little' at some point — 'little' intellectually, 'little' morally, 'little' physically, 'little' in conception, or 'little' in execution. Somewhere every man is 'little' — the signature of the fall is upon him. Zaccheus was 'chief,' 'rich,' 'little'" (Parker).

4. **Ran before** — Earnestness overcomes difficulties. A seeking soul can put itself in the way of Jesus — in the house of God or place of prayer. **Climbed up** — thoughtless of the derision which the act would naturally excite. "If the act was not decorous, the object was commendable. The church is dying of diseased propriety. We have as much need in some cases to fear decorum as to fear the devil." Sycamore tree — the Egyptian fig, with leaves like the mulberry. Its stem is short and thick, and the boughs extend horizontally to a great distance.

5. **Jesus . . . looked up** — Whether the crowd noticed the expedient of Zaccheus in climbing the tree and commented derisive-

ly or otherwise upon it, so that Jesus heard it and was led to look up; or whether our Lord recognized Zaccheus in the branches of the sycamore by that supernatural discernment by which he detected Nathanael under the fig tree; or whether, desiring refreshment and rest on His journey, He was looking about for some one to whom He might appeal for hospitality and was attracted by the eager face of the chief publican, cannot be determined; but certain it is that the eyes of Jesus rested for one moment upon Zaccheus, and read the whole story of his life. "He knew what was in man," Zaccheus. — "He knoweth His own sheep by name." "No one sets out to seek Christ but he finds Christ already out seeking him" (Jacobus). **Make haste** — Time was precious. Jesus could not make a long tarry. **For today** — "possibly over night; but it is more likely it was to be a midday rest, and that in the afternoon (Friday, as we think) our Lord passed to the neighborhood of Bethany, where He supped in the house of Simon the leper after sunset on Saturday" (Schaff). **I must abide at thy house** — "Jesus waits not for the uttered invitation, for He knows that a wish in the publican's heart, deeper than words can express, invites Him. He does not say, 'I will abide;' it is a settled case. Thy faith and My love render it fixed and necessary" (Whedon).

6. **Made haste** — His prompt obedience showed a willing, receptive heart. "For the first time in many years Zaccheus felt that he was not despised, and the flood-gates of that avaricious, shut heart were opened in a tide of love and generosity" (Robertson). **Received him joyfully** — An honor like this had never come before, and as he slid down the tree and conducted his self-invited Guest to his home, he felt strangely happy.

7. **When they saw it** — the Passover pilgrims, probably, who were in His train, and whose enthusiasm had been fanned to a flame by the recent healing of the blind Bartimeus. They had the impression that He was on His way to assume His Messianic dignity at Jerusalem. All murmured. — His behavior in this respect, both to them and to the people of Jericho, was highly scandalous. The "holy vulgarity" of Jesus often excited murmurs.

Disfigured Skin

wasted muscles and decaying bones.

What havoc!

Scrofula, let alone, is capable of all that, and more.

It is commonly marked by bunches in the neck, inflammations in the eyes, dyspepsia, catarrh, and general debility.

It is always radically and permanently cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I was a sufferer from scrofula from birth. My eyes were so affected that I was almost blind for days at a time. My neck began to swell so that I could not breathe freely. Medicines failed to do me any good until I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Today I have excellent health." Miss KERRIE McGUIRE, Silver Creek, Ky.

"I was troubled with scrofula and came near losing my eyesight. For four months I could not see to do anything. After taking two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I could see to walk around the house and when I had taken eight bottles I could see as well as I ever could." SUSIE A. HAINES, Withers, N. C.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

expels all humors, cures all eruptions, and builds up the whole system.

Guest with . . . a sinner. — The terms "publican" and "sinner" are interchangeable to a certain degree. The public opinion of Jericho was probably shaped by the priests, who resided there to the number of many thousands. To them the office of publican would be considered detestable in the extreme.

8. **Zaccheus stood** — probably before his own door, when they reached it. **Said unto the Lord** — "in the presence of the crowd, but not to the crowd, who had nothing but contempt and hatred for him. He spoke to Him who loved the nobler self which He saw in him, and of whose notice he desired to be more worthy" (Farrar). **The half of my goods.** — The law required only a fifth part of one's goods to be given in charity. The heart of love goes beyond the law. **I give to the poor.** — that is "I hereby give" (Whedon); expressing not a habit, but a purpose. Some take this passage as indicating what Zaccheus had been accustomed to do, and as spoken to vindicate himself from the aspersion of the multitude. This interpretation is possible, but not so natural as that given above, which is supported by the best authorities. Says Plumptre: "The whole force of the history seems lost if we suppose Zaccheus, as some have done, to have been a model of a virtuous publican before he sought to see Jesus. On that supposition his words are like those of the Pharisee in the parable, a self-righteous boast." **If I have taken anything from any man** (R. V., "If I have wrongfully exacted aught of any man") — "a sorrowful and delicate way of confessing that, though not his uniform custom, yet it had been done" (Whedon). **False accusation** — omitted in R. V. The whole phrase of seven English words is but the translation of a single Greek word. **I restore fourfold.** — This was the Roman law of restitution. The Hebrew law required the principal and one-fifth in addition if restitution was voluntary, or fourfold when publicly convicted of fraud (Exod. 22: 1-12). Publicans, however, were required by law to restore only the sum extorted. Of course, if Zaccheus could restore fourfold, most of his property must have been honestly gained. He certainly would not give to the poor what he had acquired wrongfully; therefore half of what he had was rightfully his. Suppose him to be worth, for example, \$20,000; to give one-half to the poor would leave him \$10,000. Now had he gained \$2,500, or only one-eighth of his \$20,000 by fraud, this noble resolve of his would have taken the remaining \$10,000 and left him without a cent.

It is foolish to suppose that Zaccheus, by the restoration of extorted gain, could have compensated his guilt before God; but just as little would his repentance have been a sincere one if he had felt no necessity of setting right his trespasses in this way (Van Oosterzee).

9, 10. **Jesus said.** — Some of the crowd had probably followed, and heard the declaration. **Salvation come to this house** — "so expressed, probably, to meet the taunt, 'He is gone to be guest,' etc. This house is no longer polluted; it is now fit to receive Me. But salvation to a house is an exceedingly precious idea, expressing the new air that would henceforth breathe in it, and the new impulses from its head which would reach its members (Psa. 118: 15; Acts 16: 15, 16, 31). What encouragement is there in this narrative to hope for unexpected conversions!" (J., F. and B.) **Forasmuch as** — seeing that. **A son of Abraham.** — Alford comments thus: "Though despised by the multitude, he has his rights as a Jew, and has availed himself of them by receiving his Lord with faith and humility." **The Son of man** — a self-chosen title of our Lord, assumed probably from the title

given in Daniel, which was understood by the Jews as being peculiarly a Messianic one. To seek — like a shepherd. **Lost** — the true condition of Zaccheus, and of every other man before being rescued by Christ. **Salvation**, by the very meaning of the word, implies a lost condition.

V Illustrative

1. You say if people are converted suddenly they will not hold out. Zaccheus held out long enough to restore fourfold. We should like to have a work that reaches men's pockets. I can imagine one of his servants going to a neighbor the next morning with a check for \$100, and handing it over. "What is this for?" "Oh! my master defrauded you of \$25 a few years ago, and this is restitution money." That would give confidence in Zaccheus' conversion (Moody).

2. A piece of canvas is of a trifling value. You can buy it for a few pennies. You would scarcely think it worth picking up if you saw it lying in the street. But an artist takes it and draws a few lines and figures on it, and then with his brush touches in certain colors, and the canvas is sold for hundred of dollars. So Christ takes up a ruined, worthless, human life which has no beauty, no attractiveness, but is repulsive, blotched and stained by sin. Then the fingers of His love add touches of beauty, painting the Divine image upon it, and it becomes precious, glorious, immortal (F. R. Miller).

ABOUT REVIVALS

MORE perhaps than any other denomination in the world Methodism has laid an emphasis upon the value of revivals. It was born in a revival, and has gathered a large percentage of its membership through the same instrumentality. There be some who tell us that the day for revivals has passed, and that hereafter we must depend on quieter methods. Such counsel is to be taken with a large grain of salt. The quieter methods are all right in their proper place—a very important place. An immense amount of patient and unobtrusive work must be done in every age to promote the spread of the kingdom. To ignore that work altogether, or to slight it in any way, is to be guilty of a gross dereliction of duty. But, after all, there is a deep-rooted element in human nature that calls for the occasional intervention of extraordinary and cataclysmal agencies. Revivals of the right sort, instead of being in antagonism to the common and regular work of the church, are really the

product and culmination of that work. When the people of God—ministers and laymen alike—have put forth their best efforts in accordance with the requirements of the Gospel, then it is that the Holy Spirit comes in great power, causing the hearts of sinners to melt into penitence before God, and leading them into the blessed light of forgiveness and peace.

These unusual effusions of energy from on high may be exhibited in different outward forms in different ages of the world, but they will always have it as their essential mark that they turn transgressors to righteousness. To think of them as being simply seasons of emotional jubilation is to miss their true import. Nine times out of ten they are accompanied by a tremendous movement in the region of the emotions, but this accompaniment must never be construed as an essential feature. At best it is only an incident. When revivals are genuine they never fail to work a radical moral reformation in individuals and in whole communities. By this token we may gage them without fear of mistake or blunder.

The imitation article, produced by the skillful manipulation of expert performers, does no real good and much real harm. Of that sort we have had enough and more than enough. There are congregations out of which all spiritual life has been driven by the regularly recurring use of certain mechanical tactics with a view to developing a given class of outward phenomena. Woe to the thoughtful and earnest pastor of such a congregation who repudiates these human devices, and falls back upon simple trust in God and God's truth! The chances are that he will be looked upon as a heretic, if not as a heathen man and a publican.

But the folly of a dull fanaticism should not cause us to abandon a form of propaganda that has wrought such mighty results in the past, and that holds such tremendous potencies for the future. — *Christian Advocate* (Nashville).

— Mrs. Emma Moody Fitt, daughter of the late D. L. Moody, has compiled a series of selections from her father's "words," which will be published by Fleming H. Revell Company, under the title "The D. L. Moody Year Book." It seems an intensely happy thought that the first of these selections should be from one of Mr. Moody's sermons on the text, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you." For Feb. 5, Mr. Moody's birthday, Mrs. Fitt chooses a sermon in which these words occur: "I cannot conceive of getting old. I have a life that is never going to end. Death may change my position, but not my condition; not my standing with Jesus Christ."



A Rare-bit

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Our Holiday Book-table

Penelope's Experiences. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Two volumes in a box. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York. Price, \$4 the set.

The secondary title of the above is, "Such Extracts from the Commonplace Book of Penelope Hamilton as Relate to her Experiences in England and Scotland." There are 108 illustrations, of much more than usual merit, by Charles E. Brock. As to Mrs. Wiggin's part of the work, it is difficult to speak moderately or otherwise than in superlatives. Although the course of the party is over well-trodden routes in the two countries most frequently visited by American tourists, there is nothing at all hackneyed in the incidents or the descriptions, and it is hard to lay the book down after once taking it up. Open it anywhere, and you are at once entertained and leave it with reluctance. The characteristics of different classes of the people of England and Scotland were surely never better depicted. These three lively American girls, to whose mild adventures the book is devoted, had a royal good time, and the diarist so manages to put it down in black and white that the reader fully shares in

has too much intelligence and capacity and business ability, and is their superior a about all points. They are the successful traders, and if driven out, the country will be greatly the loser.

Black Rock: A Tale of the Selkies. By Ralph Connor. With an Introduction by Professor George Adam Smith, LL. D. Illustrated by Louis Rhead. Fleming H. Revell Company: New York and Chicago. Price, \$1.25.

This is a new and beautifully illustrated edition of a book that was most favorably received last year, and is now in its 60th thousand. The author, "Ralph Connor," is Rev. Charles W. Gordon, pastor of the young and growing church of St. Stephen's, in Winnipeg. Winnipeg, the historic Fort Garry of romantic Red River and Hudson's Bay days, is the Queen City of the Canadian Northwest, and has already contributed somewhat to literature and added a few names to the list of Canadian authors. In addition to "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot," Ralph Connor has written a beautiful little idyl, called "Beyond the Marshes," which in style and spirit is much like "Rab and His Friends." "Black

nothing quite equal to it in its line — an admirable specimen of the best art of the book-maker.

A Little Tour in France. By Henry James. With Illustrations by Joseph Pennell. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston. Price, \$3.

The illustrations — 66 in number — are rather the chief feature, being new and striking. The accompanying notes were gathered nearly twenty years ago, and reproduce the experiences and observations of the author in an uneventful journey through France. The towns visited were Tours, Blois, Chambord, Amboise, Chenonceaux, Azay-le-Rideau, Langeais, Loches, Bourges, Angers, Nantes, La Rochelle, Toulouse, Carcassonne, Narbonne, Montpellier, Nîmes, Tarascon, Arles, Avignon, Orange, Macon, Dijon, Vaucluse, and many others. A great amount of information is spread upon the pages, and the descriptions are, of course, in the best style.

The Diverting History of John Gilpin. By William Cowper. Illustrated by Charles E. Brock. E. P. Dutton & Co.: New York. Price, \$1.50.

The melancholy Cowper's humorous ballad of John Gilpin receives in this volume a handsome setting at the hands of the publishers, being printed on thick paper, two stanzas on a page, with twenty or more full-page illustrations by Mr. Brock, which are so happily and sympathetically drawn as to indelibly impress on the mind of the reader for all time the amusing and diverting adventures of John Gilpin.

Carlyle Year Book. Compiled and edited by Ann Bachelor. James H. Earle: Boston. Price, 75 cents.

Lovers of Carlyle will hail with delight this beautiful little volume, which holds for every day in the year a precious nugget of thought from the rugged old Scotchman. The compiler has done her work well, evincing rare literary skill and appreciation of the great master in the selection of these 365 gems. In the overcrowded, busy lives of the present day but few find time for leisurely reading, and young people do not absorb Carlyle as did the previous generation; "he requires too much study," they say. But a dip into these thought-provoking pages will hardly fail to create an appetite for more. We advise our Epworth Leaguers to choose this Carlyle Year

Book for their companion for 1901. It is beautifully printed on laid paper procured especially for it, has a fine portrait of Carlyle as a frontispiece, and is bound tastefully in silk and vellum cloth.

Why Not? By Myra Goodwin Plantz, Author of "Corner Work," "A Great Appointment," etc. Jennings & Pye: Cincinnati. Price, \$1.

In the guise of a fascinating story Mrs. Plantz (who needs no introduction to our readers, who are frequently favored with stories from her pen in the HERALD) treats the much-agitated question of amusements for Christian young people. The characters in her story are not the unnatural, goody-goody sort, whom one never meets in real life; but they are genuine, wide-awake, faulty young men and women, some of whom are loyally and lovingly trying to follow the Master, but who enjoy life in a healthy, sensible fashion. Mrs. King's wise and gracious influence over her girls and boys stands out in shining relief against the unwisdom and worse than foolishness of two other mothers, whose young folks forsake the "best things" and grasp worldly pleasures and honors



LIKE THE BURSTING OF A HURRICANE THE PINTOS LEAPED

FORWARD.

From "Black Rock," by RALPH CONNOR. Copyright, 1900, by FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY.

the enjoyment. An excellent Christmas present.

Among the Berbers of Algeria. By Anthony Wilkin. Cassell & Co.: New York. Price, \$4.

Plentiful illustrations, all from photographs by the author, the thickest of paper, handsome binding, and interesting descriptions of a tract of country rarely visited, all combine to make this a volume of unusual merit. Berbers is the general name usually given to the tribes inhabiting the mountainous regions of Barbary and the northern portions of the Great Desert, descendants, it is supposed, of the aboriginal inhabitants of Northern Africa, perhaps originally a branch of the Semitic stock. Mr. Wilkin undertook his journey with scientific objects, but has relegated to another book most of the data gathered concerning the Berbers and their works. The present volume is largely a record of incidents of travel, scenery, customs, etc. The concluding chapter explains and denounces "Algerian Anti-Semitism," for it seems that both Christians and Arabs in that country unite in maltreating the Jew, chiefly (as elsewhere) because he is too clever for them,

"Rock" is a straightforward, unconventional story, with little or no plot, but full to overflowing with humor and pathos. It is virile and thrilling, with plenty of action, and the author states that it is true. "The men of the book are still in the mines and lumber camps of the mountains, fighting out that eternal fight for manhood, strong, clean, God-conquered."

Women of the Bible. By Eminent Divines. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$2.

The women treated of are Eve, Sarah, Rebekah, Miriam, Deborah, Ruth, Hannah, Jezebel, Esther, Mary Magdalen, Mary and Martha, the Blessed Virgin Mary. The eminent divines who write of them are J. W. Chadwick, Rabbi Gustav Gottheil, Lyman Abbott, Henry Van Dyke, W. H. P. Faunce, Richard Green Moulton, Bishop John F. Hurst, Edward B. Coe, Bishop William C. Doane, Newell Dwight Hillis, Bishop Henry C. Potter, Cardinal Gibbons. Broad margins, thick paper, large print, fine illustrations, and a wonderful illuminated cover in blue and green and gold, make a more than usually attractive gift-book for some lady friend. We know of

only to find ashes in their hands at last. It is an absorbing story, containing pictures of both the bright and the dark side of life, evoking smiles and tears at will, and with enough love-making to enchain the interest of the average young person. "This story does not end," Mrs. Plantz says; "it simply stops. The young people whom we have known went right on learning more and more of the beautiful truth, that living for both worlds gives the most perfect happiness in this." For Epworth Leaguers and their friends we can unreservedly commend this book, which is dedicated "To my mother, who has constantly shown that earthly happiness comes from seeking heavenly things, and who has always left a green oasis wherever she has found a desert place."

Concerning Cats. My Own and Some Others. By Helen M. Winslow. Lothrop Publishing Company: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

Everybody owns a cat and most people love them, but, strange to say, there is less literature pertaining to them than almost

people, historic cats, high-bred cats in England and America, cats in art, cats in poetry, cat hospitals and refuges, kittens and their tricks, and the characteristics of cats; there is also a valuable appendix on diseases of the cat. The book is profusely illustrated with pictures of famous cats belonging to such cat-lovers as Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Julia Marlowe, Louise Chandler Moulton, Edmund Clarence Stedman, the famous "office cat" of the New York Sun, and others, as also a number of the most magnificent Persian and Angora cats in the country.

Lullabies and Baby Songs. A Posy for Mothers. Collected by Adelaide L. J. Cosset. With illustrations by Eva Roos. E. P. Dutton & Co.: New York.

The culler of this "posy" of lullabies and baby songs has done her work well. In this attractive volume she has gathered, for mothers, the sweetest of cradle songs by well-known authors. The pencil drawings by Eva Roos, with which the pages are embellished, are exquisite interpretations of

which lies at the extreme boundary of the land of pleasant dreams." In this beautiful book Mr. Mora has put on paper all he heard at that time, and has drawn the pictures of the animals just as he saw them — and extremely funny some of them are. There are, beside the black and white pictures, fifteen or sixteen full-page colored plates scattered through the book, and the binding is attractive in appropriate color design.

The Prodigal. By Mary Hallock Foote. Houghton, Mifflin & Company: Boston and New York. Price, \$1.25.

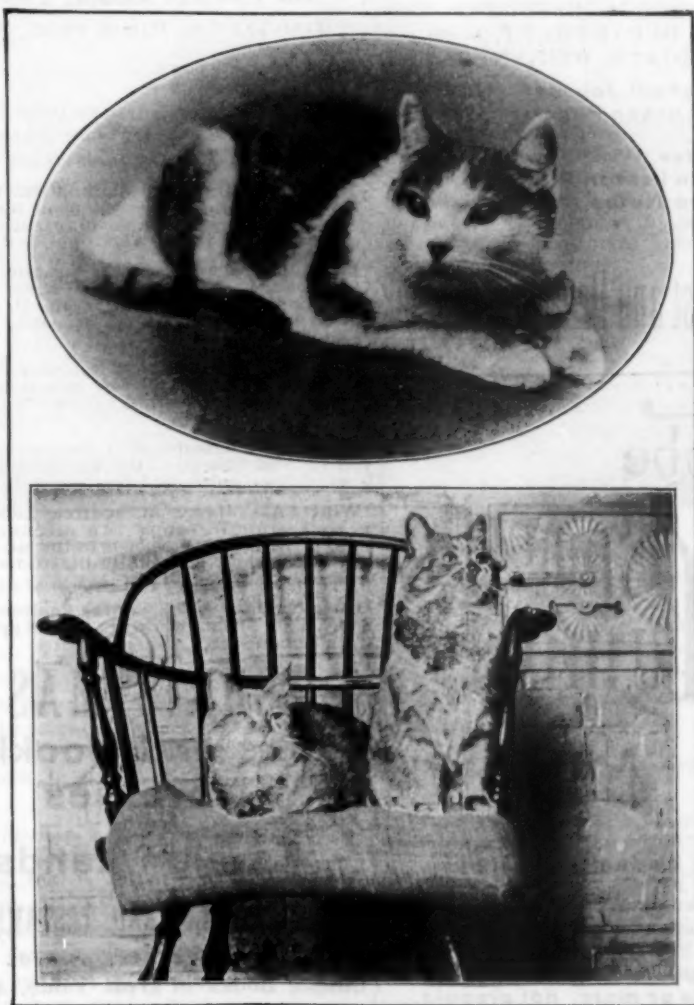
One always welcomes a new book by this author, as she gives such vivid pictures of strong men and true women. This book is no exception to the rule. Clunie Roberts, the scapegrace son of a wealthy banker, is put on board a sailing vessel for the good of his morals. He is wrecked off Cape St. Lucas and has numberless hard knocks before reaching San Francisco, where he expects aid from his father, which is not forthcoming. He settles down to hard work, and with the help of friends conquers his besetting sin, drink, and wins a strong sweet woman for his wife. There are many dramatic incidents, such as the taking of the captain's wife from the quarantined vessel and the sinking of the "Parthenia," woven into the plot. The illustrations by the author add much to the appearance of the book, which is finely gotten up.

Child's Christ-Tales. By Andrea Hofer Proudfoot. Illustrated. A. Flanagan Company: Chicago. Price, 75 cents.

This is a new edition of a beautiful Christmas book for children containing stories of the Christ Child, of St. Christopher, of St. John, and finely illustrated with thirty choice reproductions from the old masters, Raphael, Murillo, Hofmann, Rubens, etc. It is a Christmas classic, and will be appreciated by mothers who have long desired some simple, attractive story of the Christ Child to read to their little folks, especially at Christmas-tide. Mrs. Proudfoot is a kindergarten, and all her work is characterized by exquisite sympathy with child nature.

The King on His Throne; or, Power of Will through Direct Mental Culture. By Frank C. Haddock. Published by the Author, Lynn, Mass. Price, \$2.

This is certainly a unique book, unlike any other ever issued, so far as we are aware, and we are disposed to agree with Dr. Haddock that it will be as useful as it is unique, provided it be thoroughly studied. It is written, as it is stated on the title-page, with special adaptation to students, teachers, and professional workers, and is devoted to the training of the will. No ordinary mind could have produced it. It is crowded with thought and theory of a very unusual sort. It contains thousands of rules, principles, precepts, maxims and apothegms for the conduct of life. They are good rules and maxims. If a young man should follow up the vast variety of exercises here prescribed, there can be no doubt that he would attain "the symmetrical existence" described in the concluding chapter, he would have what the author calls "a deific will," he would have strong personal magnetism, good habits of every kind and no bad ones, a brain radiating force, a "psychic atmosphere" equal to all the demands upon it, "will-action able to create a surplus of commanding ether-movements," and a hundred other valuable things the full meaning of which can only be learned by him who carefully reads the book. Many of the chapters are fascinating. Their very headings attract and inspire. Here are a few of them: "A Focused Soul Fears Nothing," "The Eye and the World are One," "A Harp of 8,700 Strings," "Work is the Bitter-Sweet of Success," "The Soul's Open-Sesame is Purpose," "Nerve Leakage Saps the Brain," "All Values Yield to Con-



MARY E. WILKINS' CATS: AUGUSTUS, PUNCH AND JUDY

[From "Concerning Cats," by Helen M. Winslow. Lothrop Publishing Co.: Boston.]

any other pet. Some fifteen years ago Harrison Weir and Dr. Gordon Staples of England published books on cats, which were considered quite exhaustive at that time, and a year or two earlier Jules Champfleury of Paris wrote a charming book on cats. All these have now gone out of print, and this new book from the press of Lothrop Publishing Company is at once timely and desirable. Cats are shy, sensitive, and retiring with strangers, but affectionate and intelligent with those who understand them. Miss Helen M. Winslow, well known as the editor of *The Club Woman*, is a great lover of cats, and for several years has been collecting material which she now publishes in book form. The volume is one of great interest and attractive appearance. There are chapters on the author's own pet cats, as well as the cats of noted

the verses. No holiday gift for a young mother could be more appropriate.

The Animals of Æsop. Æsop's Fables adapted and pictured by Joseph J. Mora. Dana Estes & Co.: Boston.

Unmixed delight will fill the heart of the youngster who finds this amusing volume on the Christmas tree or beside his stocking on Christmas morning. Surely Æsop never before came in quite so alluring a guise. In the preface the author tells of a little boy who loved Æsop and his fables, but whose illusions were rudely shattered one day by some one who insisted that the dear old fellow was a myth. But afterward this same boy (who was the author himself) made many a delightful visit to Animaldom, the trips continuing until he passed a certain age, when he was barred forever from "that pleasant region

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centration," "Resolve and Thou art Free," "Let the Child Prophecy Fair." As the preface says, the book itself will not give any one greater power of will, nor hold one to persistence in self-culture—it is not magical. But if any one has already considerable power of persistence and sufficient appreciation of the great importance of the end in view to work hard for its attainment, this book, thoroughly practical and based on scientific principles, will be an invaluable aid.

The Judgment of Peter and Paul on Olympus. A Poem in Prose. By Henryk Sienkiewicz, Author of "Quo Vadis." Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Company: Boston. Price, 75 cents.

This is one of the daintiest and most attractive small volumes that has recently come to our table. The illustrations are exquisite, and the printing, in colors, is very artistic. The scene in the first prose

line, and the story will set some to thinking they ought to have more of this emphatically unworldly spirit.

Two Little Street Singers. By Nora A. M. Roe. Illustrated by Bertha G. Davidson. Lee & Shepard: Boston. Price, \$1.

Any readers of ZION'S HERALD who take up this prettily bound book, will feel assured, before reading a word, that it contains a delightful story; for are they not familiar with Mrs. Alfred S. Roe's charming style through her frequent contributions to our columns, both prose and verse? This is a story for children, about two little street singers, "Rita" and "Jimmy," who pass for the children of "Tonio," an Italian, with whom they travel and earn money by singing and dancing, with their tambourines. How golden-haired Rita found a home with Miss Peakes in the country, how Jimmy went to the hospital, how

information to boys. It is equally elevated in tone, and, like its companion volume, it is thoroughly practical. A girl's health is naturally the subject of the opening chapter, and the rules laid down by the author are so few and sensible that not only the mothers and doctors, but the girls themselves, must at once admit their utility. After treating of a girl's dress and demeanor, and the all-important knowledge of the care of a household, the work takes up successively the training and prospects of the teacher, the trained nurse, the woman lawyer, physician and preacher, the musician, the artist, the writer, the newspaper woman, the dentist, the politician, the stenographer and typewriter, the farmer and flower-grower, the dress-maker, the milliner, the domestic worker, the photographer, the business woman and the telegraph operator. In each of these employments the drawbacks are pointed out as well as the inducements.

Lobster Catchers. By James Otis. E. P. Dutton & Co.: New York. Price, \$1.50.

This is the story of a poor boy, Stephen Jordan, who tries to support his mother and the younger children by going into the lobster business instead of trying to work a worn-out farm left them by the shiftless



THE MUSES GATHERED TOGETHER LIKE A FLOCK OF WHITE SWANS

[From "The Judgment of Peter and Paul on Olympus," by Henryk Sienkiewicz. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston.]

poem is allegorical, Peter and Paul being represented as passing final judgment upon the gods of mythology. The second, "Be Thou Blessed," is an exquisite bit of word-painting in which the incarnated lotus flower finds a home in the heart of the poet.

Fortune's Boats. By Barbara Yechton. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

This book, with the motto, "Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered," is in no sense startling or exciting but is an interesting, wholesome story of a mother and five daughters left poor and fatherless, who live in a flat in New York. Each girl has her own work and is clever in her way, and the lovers that come in due time are just the sort to make good husbands. The Uncle Gabriel who lives with this charming family is an Episcopalian clergyman, without a parish, but longing to possess one. Several chances come to him, but he is so much more desirous of benefiting others than of pushing his own interests that he passes them at once to such as he thinks need them more. In the final case he does this for the son of the man who had most bitterly wronged him. This, of course, is very noble and altogether altruistic. But many people will hardly be attracted by a man who shows himself so extremely childlike in his misplaced trusts, and permits everybody to sponge upon him to their heart's content. A little more of manliness and self-respect, even self-assertion, most will think, would improve the Rev. Gabriel Kincaid. There is such a thing as effacing one's self too completely. But very few of us are in danger on that

Rita's real parentage was established, and how all the tangles were finally straightened out, one must read these fascinating pages to discover.

A Little American Girl in India. By Harriet A. Cheever. With illustrations by H. O. Ireland. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

This is a sprightly story of an exceedingly lively little girl who was born in India, but who nevertheless wished to be considered a genuine little American. Her mother is dead, and, left much of the time to the care of her ayah and the servants, she is constantly up to all sorts of pranks and getting in and out of difficulties. A good deal of information about Indian ways and customs is imparted as the story progresses, and the wonderful sights of the city of Bombay—the bazaars, the serpent charmers, the temples, the Parsee worshippers, the horse market—are seen through the bright eyes of Judy and her young American friend, Perry. Although motherless little Miss Hicks does many rash things, nevertheless she manages to win her way to the reader's heart. Her first visit to America with her father is vividly described. Mrs. Cheever is widely known as a contributor to the religious press and other periodicals, and as a writer of books for children.

Helps for Ambitious Girls. By William Drysdale, author of "Helps for Ambitious Boys." Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.: New York. Price, \$1.50.

"Helps for Ambitious Girls" aims to fill the same high place in assisting girls to select a calling as was taken almost immediately by the "Helps for Ambitious Boys," last year, in giving like

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father. Of course the scene of the story is the coast of Maine, and if all the facts and figures given are true, young men should be greatly encouraged to start in that business, although not many would have the good luck to save a pleasure yacht from destruction and to receive one-third share of a lobster farm as salvage for so doing.

Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes. Translated and illustrated by Isaac Taylor Headland, of Pekin University. Fleming H. Revell Company: New York and Chicago. Price, \$1.25.

No book for children could be imagined more unique and attractive than this "Chinese Mother Goose," prepared by Professor Headland of Pekin University, who has spent many years in China and made a special study of Chinese folk lore. He has in his possession more than six hundred nursery rhymes, collected from only two of the eighteen provinces of China. In this volume each page holds one of the rhymes in Chinese characters, the accompanying translation being done so as to reproduce as nearly as possible the meaning of the original; a picture of Chinese children, or home life, from photographs, also being given. Professor Headland says: "Let it be understood that these rhymes make no pretensions to literary merit, nor has the translator made any attempt at regularity in the meter, because neither the original nor our own 'Mother Goose' is regular. Our desire has been to make a translation which is fairly true to the original, and which will please English-speaking children. The child, not the critic, has always been kept in view." With this quaint book American children will surely be delighted. The publishers have spared no pains to make it beautiful—the paper is of the finest grade, the text and illustrations of each page being printed in black, with a decorative Chinese border, on a tinted background of Chinese children at play. The covers are in bright colors, with amusing designs.

The Home of Santa Claus. By George A. Best. Illustrated from photographs by Arthur Ulyet. Cassell & Company, Limited: New York.

In this beautiful book Mr. Best relates the exciting story of Leslie Gordon's visit to Father Christmas, and describes the strange sights he beheld in Santa Clausberg, the Town of Toys. For little people nothing more fascinating could be imagined than this remarkable tale which carries them

"Away to the city of Toys
In the kingdom of Yuletide joys;
Where dollies are walking
And laughing and talking,
And making no end of a noise."

The story is superbly printed on calendered paper, and profusely illustrated, the eighteen chapters having 188 unusually fine illustrations. The heavy board covers are in colors—a tempting foretaste of the charming contents of the volume.

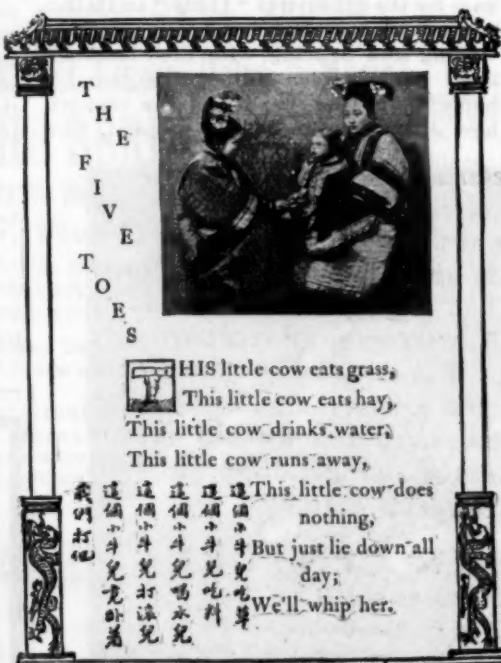
Mother Goose for Grown-Ups. By Guy Wetmore Carryl. Harper & Brothers: New York and London. Price, \$1.50.

Some of these humorous adaptations of old nursery rhymes were first published in *Harper's Magazine*, and surely those who laughed at them there will welcome this book. Most of the fads, fancies or foibles of which human nature is capable are satirized in a most amusing fashion. It is beautifully gotten up, with illustrations by Peter Newell and Gustave Verbeek, and will make a charming gift-book for those of a humorous turn of mind.

Snow-White; or, the House in the Wood. By Laura E. Richards. Dana Estes & Company: Boston. Price, 50 cents.

Christmas would not be complete for many little folks without the gift of a new

book by this well-known author. Snow-White is a charming little girl who wanders off from Miss Tyler, "who wasn't any kind of a person to leave this kind of child wizz," and found the house in the wood just as it happened in the fairy story, only, instead of seven bears, a dwarf lived there. He was most obliging, and tried to do everything as they do in fairy stories. She passed some wonderful days with him in that dear little house, and finally was returned to her despairing mother. There is the usual undercurrent of pathetic plot for grown-ups that makes Mrs. Richards' books so attractive to all.



From "Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes."
Copyright, 1900, by FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY.

The Roggie and Reggie Stories. By Gertrude Smith. Harper & Brothers: New York and London.

The children who have read and reread "The Arabella and Araminta Stories" will be wild with delight over this new volume, which contains the doings and sayings of Roggie and Reggie, the small twin brothers of Arabella and Araminta. When grandma came to see the dear little brothers, she "laughed and laughed and laughed," and said: "What a family, oh, what a funny family, children all in pairs!" The story, which opens when the little boys were two years old, is printed in heavy black type, and runs on in the delightful, repetitious style of the Arabella and Araminta story, with artistic full-page illustrations in color, which are simply irresistible.

Boston Boys of 1775; or, When We Besieged Boston. By James Otis. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Company: Boston.

Here is another of those remarkably interesting and wholesome stories for boys, with a critical historical setting. Under the titles, "A Traitor," "A Perilous Venture," "In Boston Town," "A Mistake," "In Hiding," "The Pursuit," the main lines of the early history of this historic Boston are told so as to leave a lasting impression. The illustrations, of which there are many, are excellent.

The Road to Nowhere. By Livingston B. Morse. Harper & Brothers: New York and London. Price, \$1.50.

The author dedicates this book to "Alice in Wonderland," and, as in that story, we find out wonderful things about animal life. Little Jack and Kitty, who is Not-Kitty, wander off on the road to Nowhere and have most exciting things happen to them. They find the house where the three bears live and overhear such dark plots that they set out to rescue the little princess of the Island of Flowers from her troubles. The thrilling adventures they have before

they find the island will interest and amuse many a happy little reader. The illustrations, all in black and red, are finely done by Ednah Morse.

In Storyland. A Volume of Original Pictures, Stories and Verses. Edited and arranged by Alfred J. Fuller. E. P. Dutton & Co.: New York. Price, \$2.

This book of tales will make young eyes sparkle. In it there are stories by G. A. Henty, S. T. Meade, G. Manville Fenn, Evelyn Everett-Green, Paul Creswick, F. E. Weatherly, Maggie Browne, Sheila E. Braine, and others, all profusely illustrated by Ada Dennis, E. Stuart Hardy, E. Lance, Hilda Robinson, etc. The covers are in bright colors, and numerous full-page colored illustrations are given at intervals through the book.

Ednah and her Brothers. By Eliza Orne White. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York. Price, \$1.

Ednah and her young brothers were such sturdy, happy children, with such a sensible father and such a charming mother, that we are sure all our young friends will enjoy reading about them. They had such lovely plays in their father's studio, and it was wildly exciting when the buffalo (which was not really a buffalo, but a bison) escaped from his pen. They had jolly times together in the country home, which surely compensated for the long winters in the city.

The Christmas Angel. By Katharine Pyle. With 4 full-page plates and 14 decorative headings, from drawings by the author. Little, Brown & Company: Boston. Price, \$1.25.

A little girl named Mary hears about Kris Kringle and the wonder country where all the toys are alive. One day she discovers a little door in a tree, and opening it with a tiny key she discovers that it leads to "Toy Land." In this "wonder country" she has some exciting experiences with the live toys, the Christmas angel and Kris Kringle. When she starts to return home she wakes up and discovers that she has

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Which Magazine

are you going to take in 1901?

WHY NOT TAKE THE BEST?

THERE is not the slightest doubt in the mind of any one who keeps track of modern magazine literature that *The Century Magazine* is the best in the world. It was begun thirty years ago; it took the first place among illustrated magazines at the start, and, though in no branch of art or industry has competition been keener, it has kept that place for all its thirty years of life. It is not only in the quality of its text and illustrations that *The Century* excels: it stands for something, and its forceful editorials have had a large share in molding popular opinion. It is thoroughly representative of American ideas. It is said to have introduced more new authors and artists than all the other magazines put together. It has worked directly to develop American art and literature. In 1901 it will be a better magazine than ever.

NOVEMBER CENTURY

Printed in Colors

"Her Mountain Lover," by Hamlin Garland,—a breezy story of a Colorado ranchman in England,—begins in this number, in which there are also five complete stories.

And there is much besides fiction,—the boyhood and manhood of Daniel Webster are interestingly described by John Bach McMaster, Bronson Howard writes of "Our Schools for the Stage," Julian Ralph describes "A Yankee Correspondent in South Africa," the director of the New York Zoological Park writes of the Park, Bishop Potter discusses "The Problem of the Philippines," etc., etc.

DECEMBER CENTURY

Printed in Colors

is the most beautiful issue ever made. One attraction is Milton's Ode on the Nativity, superbly illustrated by Du Mond, and printed in six colors and four tints. There are stories by Henry James, L. B. Walford (author of "The Baby's Grandmother"), Carolyn Wells ("Ghosts Who Became Famous"), Edwin Asa Dix (author of "Deacon Bradbury"), Charles Battell Loomis, Charles Dudley Warner, and others, with the beginning of "Down the Rhine" by Augustine Birrell, M.P., the illustrations of which, by André Castaigne, form a superb panorama of the great river; an article on the siege of Peking by the private secretary of Li Hung-chang, etc., etc.

THE HELMET OF NAVARRE

This brilliant romance, which began in August and will end in May, has already attracted wider attention and been more highly praised than any work of fiction ever published serially in *The Century*. As the *New York Tribune* says, it "leaped at once into popular favor."

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Ian MACLAREN,
S. Weir MITCHELL,
Thos. Nelson PAGE,
Bertha RUNKLE,
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BOOK CATALOGUE "DE LUXE" The Century Co. invites all the readers of this paper to send for the new beautifully illustrated Catalogue just issued. It will be invaluable in the selection of Christmas books. * * * The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

been ill and that her journey was a dream. It is a charming tale for children of from six to twelve, told in a fresh, entertaining way.

David, the Boy Harper. By Mrs. Annie E. Smiley, author of "Fifty Social Evenings," "Junior League Methods and Programs," etc. Jennings & Pye: Cincinnati.

In this attractive book our own Mrs. Smiley, whose name is a household word among the Junior Leaguers of New England, and whose frequent contributions to our columns are always received with great favor, tells the story of David's boyhood and youth in a bright, entertaining way that will simply fascinate the children. Her purpose, she states, in writing the story, is "to emphasize the truth that the boy makes the man." For the Sunday-school and the home library it is admirable. The publishers have provided a tasteful binding in green, with a design in gilt, on the cover, of the boy David playing on his harp.

In the Days of Alfred the Great. By Eva March Tappan, Ph. D. Emblematic cover. Fully illustrated. Lee & Shepard: Boston. Price, \$1.

The name of Alfred the Great will be more before the public than ever on account of the approaching one thousandth anniversary, and a scholarly lady of marked literary power has here presented the life of Alfred the Great so simply written as to be readily understood by boys and girls, and yet so historically accurate as to be very valuable on that account. The old familiar stories of Alfred are all here, together with very much new material, translated from original sources by the author. The spirited illustrations of Mr. Kennedy add much to the interest of the book.

The Adventures of Joel Pepper. By Margaret Sidney, author of "The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew," etc. Illustrated by Sears Gallagher. Lothrop Publishing Company: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

"The Adventures of Joel Pepper" is the story of the irrepressible Joel, Joey, or Joe, who, while he was the harum-scarum of the Pepper family, is nevertheless a prime favorite with all readers simply because he is so full of life and so often getting into "scrapes." Margaret Sidney, also, it is evident, is quite as fond of this well-meaning, heedless, and lovable small boy as are her readers. How a new "Pepper Book" will make the eyes of the little folks sparkle!

On to Peking; or, Old Glory in China. By Edward Stratemeyer, author of "Old Glory Series." Illustrated by A. Burnham Shute. Lee & Shepard: Boston. Price, \$1.25.

The countless admirers of the "Russell boys" and their friends, whose fortunes have been so well portrayed in the famous "Old Glory Series," and great numbers of others as well, will welcome the enterprise of Mr. Stratemeyer in furnishing the most up-to-date book obtainable. The hero, Gilbert Pennington, a warm friend of "Ben" Russell in "A Young Volunteer in Cuba," has become a lieutenant in the regular army, and goes from the Philippines with the Ninth Regiment to take part in the rescue of the beleaguered British Embassy at Peking by the international forces. No more timely or thrilling plot could be secured, and Mr. Stratemeyer has risen to the occasion by giving, in addition to one of his very best stories, a store of information concerning China and the Chinese, conveyed in a natural and entertaining manner.

Calendars

Nature's Calendar, 1901. By Mary Conkey Haddock. Price, \$1.

Perhaps but few of our people are aware that the lady who is queen of the parsonage of Boston St. Methodist Episcopal Church, Lynn, is an artist, and has prepared a beautiful calendar for next year, embellished with exquisite charcoal drawings. Tied

with silk cord are seven large cards (11 x 14), including the title card, on each of which is a scene or flowers scattered here and there. For instance, for January and February



From "The Heart of the Ancient Wood," by Charles G. D. Roberts.
Copyright, 1900, by Silver, Burdett & Company.

given a nature drawing, the month's calendars in doublets, and dainty bits of land- there is a snow scene, "Lingering Snow-drifts;" for March and April, "Orchards

BOOKS FOR THE SEASON

The Duke of Stockbridge

A Romance of Shays' Rebellion. By EDWARD BELLAMY, author of "Looking Backward." 382 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50.

"The undercurrent of sympathy with which Mr. Bellamy writes concerning the debtor farmers is one of the many charms of the great romance."—*Springfield Daily News*.

"An extraordinary novel."—*Kansas City Times*.

"Enlists the reader's sympathy to the fullest extent."—*Albany Times-Union*.

"It has the same peculiar excellencies of style as were enjoyed in 'Looking Backward.'"—*New York Journal of Commerce*.

The Wall Street Point of View

By HENRY CLEWS. 306 pp. With Portrait. Cloth, \$1.50.

"A book that has created a profound impression in New York, and is destined to influence thinking men all over the country. Mr. Clews' style is so simple and lucid that he can be understood by the veriest novice."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

American Inventions and Inventors

By W. A. MOWRY and A. M. MOWRY. 298 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.00.

Manual of Christian Theology

By Prof. ALVAH HOVEY, D. D., LL. D., Newton Theological Institution. 499 pp. \$2.00.

An Introduction to the Life of Jesus

By Prof. ALFRED WILLIAMS ANTHONY, Cobb Divinity School. 206 pp. \$1.00.

The Method of Jesus

By Prof. ALFRED WILLIAMS ANTHONY, Cobb Divinity School. 264 pp. \$1.25.

The Heart of the Ancient Wood

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, author of "The Forge in the Forest," "A Sister to Evangeline," "By the Marshes of Minas," etc. 176 pp. Illustrated. \$1.50.

"Dainty and delicate as a rose, and fragrant as wood-violets. . . . It is like a breath of the forest put into articulate speech. It is unlike Kipling; it is unlike Seton Thompson; it is better than either in several respects."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"No finer forest story has been written than this. . . . The delicacy and artistic style of narrative is wonderfully fascinating."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"A message straight from the heart of nature."—*Philadelphia North American*.

Ballads of American Bravery

Edited, with notes, by CLINTON SCOLLARD. 237 pp. Cloth, 75 cents.

Poets and Poetry of Indiana

Compiled and edited by B. S. PARKER and ENOS B. HEINEY. 487 pp. Portraits. Cloth, \$1.50.

An Outline of New Testament Theology

By Prof. DAVID FOSTER ESTES, Colgate University. 262 pp. \$1.25.

Preachers and Preaching

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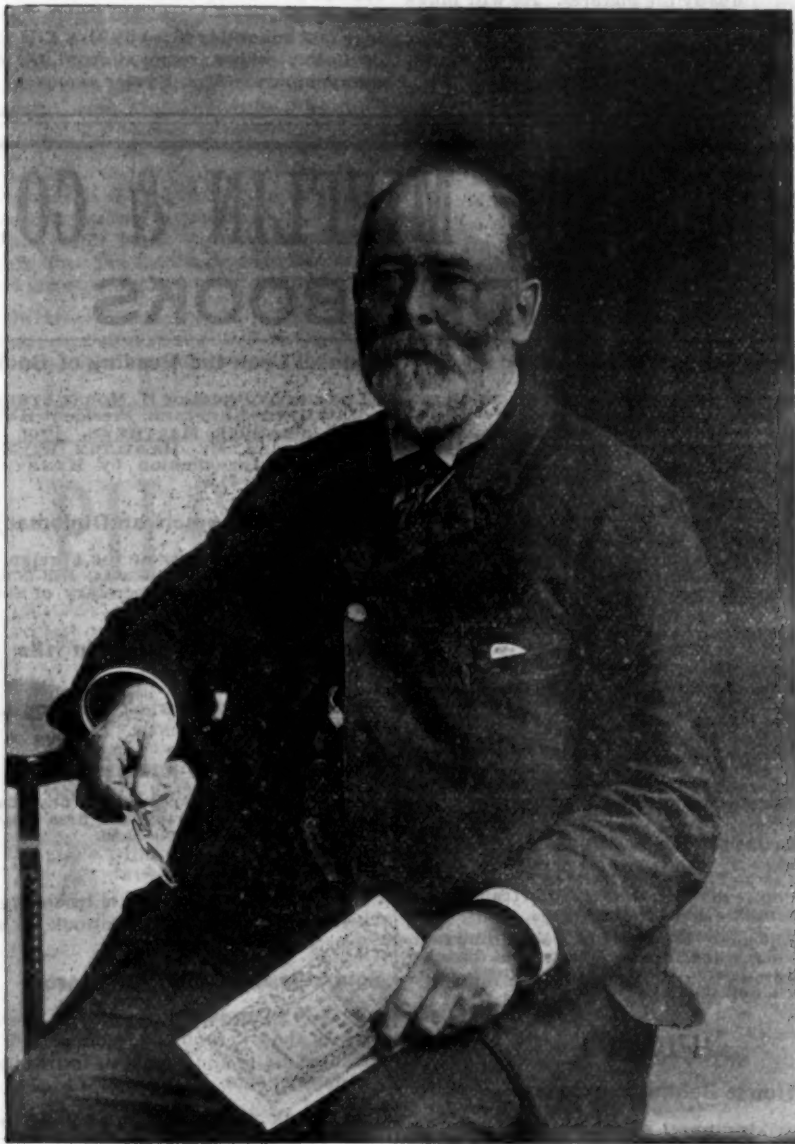
SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY: New York, Boston, Chicago

All Aglow;" for May and June, "Sunshine Over Daisy Fields;" for July and August, "Slow Drag their Lumbering Loads;" for September and October, "The Heart of the Beech Woods;" for November and December, "When Leaves are Brown and the Year is Old." Magee has it on sale, or copies may be obtained of Mrs. F. C. Haddock, 319 Boston St., Lynn.

W. F. M. S. PRAYER CALENDAR for 1901.—In purchasing your calendars do not forget the beautiful Prayer Calendar of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in its delicate pale blue covers. Each page of this calendar

holds the days of a week, with a prayer for each day, and a prose or poetical motto. The calendar is profusely illustrated with portraits of missionaries, of secretaries at home, and cuts of mission buildings owned by the W. F. M. S. Price, 25 cents.

YOUTH'S COMPANION CALENDAR.—This is an attractive production, brilliant in color, a panel to hang on the wall in the shape of a double shield, one below the other; the upper part containing the sweet face of a Puritan maiden, the lower having the calendars of the months, each edged with gold, and scattered among clusters of pink roses and buds.



George Bancroft Griffith

MR. GRIFFITH needs no introduction to the readers of ZION'S HERALD. For more than a quarter of a century he has enriched its pages with his poetry and prose. Our grateful readers will be glad to know more of him. He was a Massachusetts boy, born in Newburyport, Feb. 28, 1841. Like many another of our poets *par excellence*, he versed as a child; and even before graduation from his years of one syllable, was a poet of wide local fame. He participated in the Civil War, edited a country paper, and wrote constantly for religious papers, the *Youth's Companion*, and magazines. In 1874 Mr. Griffith moved to Lempster, N. H., where he worked steadily at literary pursuits. He has edited volumes upon the New Hampshire, Maine and Massachusetts poets, and in 1899 collected his own poems into a volume of

nearly 400 pages under the title, "Pleasant Places in Nature and Life." That he possesses poetical ability of the highest order is evidenced by this note written to him by Hezekiah Butterworth, who said: "Your 'Chime in the Andes' enchanted me, haunted me, and enhanced my life. I never thought when I read it that I would ever go over the Andes on muleback, but the poem was one of the seed thoughts that led me to wish to go. I have been to South America three times, and my 'History of Liberty in the Andean Republics' owes its origin in part to the suggestive and magic lines of your poem."

The volume of poems is illustrated. Fine pictures of the poet's home—he and his wife standing in front of it—and of his library, adorn the pages. Friends can address him at East Lempster, N. H.

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THE CONFERENCES

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Montpelier District

Athens and Brookline.—The pastor, Rev. William E. Lang, has been released from his work to assume a larger parish in the bounds of the Northern New York Conference. The work here has prospered during Mr. Lang's incumbency, and the people part from him with regret. At present Athens is being supplied on Sabbath afternoons by Rev. F. W. Lewis, of Bellows Falls, and Brookline by Rev. J. H. Bennett, of Putney. Each of these brethren are giving good and helpful sermons to their hearers.

Barnard and East Barnard.—Rev. S. P. Fairbanks has just taken the annual missionary collection, having preached three sermons on the "Last Command" in anticipation of this event. The amount of cash and pledges aggregated the astonishingly large sum of over \$139. The collection reported in 1898 was \$16; in 1899, \$24; in 1900, \$60; and the sum raised for 1901 is \$139.43. One would naturally think that this charge has had an enormous increase in either numbers or wealth, or both. Yet the number of members and probationers reported last spring was but fifteen more than for the year when the missionary collection was more than eight times as small as now reported. This shows what might be done in a great many other instances, if the proper methods were adopted. Last year the pastor asked Rev. F. W. Lewis, of Bellows Falls, to preach a missionary sermon for him while on a vacation, and, although the congregations were small and no previous work of a preparatory nature had been done, the amount secured was two and one-half times in advance of that secured the previous year. This year the amount is two and one-third times more than the phenomenally large amount of last year. And the writer can testify that this has not been done at the expense of all other collections, for the amount assessed for Montpelier Seminary was cheerfully pledged or paid on a Sunday when he was present. Pastor Fairbanks has been holding a large number of out-district meetings, preaching the Gospel to over 150 persons each week who could not be reached by any of the Sunday services. This method is commended to others. Soon the forces will be concentrated and a revival campaign inaugurated in one or both of the churches.

Bethel.—The site for the new church is now all paid for, and a small sum is left in the treasury toward the erection of the edifice itself. Would that some person of means would come to the rescue with a goodly sum to aid this worthy and struggling society in raising the walls of their new church! The congregations are now larger than ever before, and Pastor Rainey will soon receive additional probationers into full membership.

Bondville.—A dozen began the Christian life as the result of the out-district meetings held by Pastor Currier.

Bradford.—Rev. A. H. Webb baptized 13 excellent converts and took them on probation as a result of the evangelistic meetings held by Mr. A. M. Walker at West Bradford. This is the largest number of people converted in that section of the town for several years, and will be a great inspiration to the society worshipping there.

Brattleboro.—Miss Josephine Fisk of the Deaconess Home, Boston, spoke in our church here, and the collection then taken, together with some previously subscribed, aggregates \$14 for deaconess work, as a part of the Twentieth Century Offering of the church. It is possible that the church may furnish a candidate for deaconess work in the near future. One has been recently received on probation; the attendance upon the week-evening meetings is steadily increasing; and the outlook is hopeful for a constant growth in membership.

Brownsville.—The special meetings in the Ralph District have resulted in several conversions. The laymen of the church have been enlisted in an "Every Day Evangelistic Movement." This is a hopeful sign.

Chelsea.—The health of Mrs. Allen is somewhat improved, for which all are grateful. The quarterly conference voted to make necessary repairs on the parsonage barn, and the "Men's Auxiliary Society" will take the parsonage in hand. Mr. Barnes, the young treasurer of the

Epworth League, recently died of typhoid fever, causing general grief. Revival meetings are now being held at the West Hill, Mr. A. M. Walker assisting the pastor, Rev. W. E. Allen. Mr. Allen was tendered a nomination for the Legislature by the Republicans of the town, but declined it. This is a most flattering testimonial to the general esteem in which he is held.

Copperfield.—Rev. Albert H. Baker, our pastor here, has purchased the best lantern to be found in the market, the same to be lighted by a powerful oxyhydrogen light. He has also a fine list of slides and is prepared to lecture. His specialty is India. As he has spent several years there as a missionary, he is abundantly qualified to give the descriptions necessary to accompany the pictures. He will make generous terms to churches or committees, who will do well to consult him early. He is also willing to give a free missionary talk on India on the afternoon preceding the evening of the

paid lecture. r. Baker is a very interesting speaker.

Landgrove.—Pastor Evans held a week of helpful meetings for the purpose of deepening the spiritual life of Christians. These meetings were greeted by constantly increasing numbers. Owing to weariness from protracted overwork, it is expected that Mr. Evans will relinquish this part of his work for a time, and that it will be taken up by Rev. Oscar B. Wells, of Weston, who is very successful in that field.

Ludlow.—Five have been received by letter and one on probation recently. Rev. X. M. Fowler's excellent sermons are enjoyed by increasing numbers. Mrs. Fowler has been honored by an election as Conference corresponding secretary of the Woman's Home Missionary Society—a position which has been so long and honorably filled by Mrs. Ella C. Elmer, of Cabot, whose removal from the State so many mourn. Mrs. Fowler seems to possess

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the qualifications to give her success in this responsible field.

Mechanicville and Cuttingsville.— Under the ministrations of Pastor Forrest the attendance upon the preaching of the Word is on the increase, and several hopeful signs of promise gladden the sky.

Montpelier.— Electric lights have been placed throughout the entire church edifice and give great satisfaction. Rev. C. O. Judkins, with all of other endeavors, is to make a house-to-house canvass for our church periodicals—a course worthy of general adoption. Mrs. Judkins is conducting a very successful Browning class in connection with the third department of the League. The finances are well in hand, and most of the bills are paid to date. Crowds flock to the Sunday sermons, and the week-night meetings are well sustained. Several probationers will soon be received.

Northfield.— The parsonage has been freshened by a new coat of paint and its appearance on the street vastly improved thereby. One young man has been received on probation and several from probation into full membership. Evangelist Johnson is assisting Pastor Anderson in a series of meetings at Gouldsville. Theodora, the only daughter of Hon. Frank Plumley, a leading layman in this church, was recently united in marriage with Rev. Homer Flint, rector of an Episcopal Church in Pittsburg, Pa. The meetings of the Epworth League are growing in attendance and interest.

Perkinsville and Amsden.— Hon. Charles Amsden, proprietor of the village of Amsden, suddenly passed to the other world while on a business

trip to Detroit, Mich. He was found on his knees by his bedside, having evidently been called home while in the act of prayer. He was greatly interested in our work at Amsden, and was planning to erect a house of worship there the coming year. The community has also been saddened by the death of Mr. Orren Belows, a prominent citizen and active adherent of our church, who died in sure hope of a better life beyond.

RETLAW.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE

Rockland District

A Correction.— By a kind of "lapseus penstoki" your reporter of Rockland District announced Rev. W. W. Ogier as pastor of Camden, in the HERALD of Nov. 28. It should have been Rev. Geo. M. Bailey. Mr. Bailey, who was appointed to Camden when Mr. Ogier was called to Calais, is making a fine impression, gaining a large place, and doing a grand work under God.

T. F. J.

Bangor District

Forest City, Vanceboro and Lambert Lake.— We find things very pleasant in every way on this large field. The work is pressing steadily forward. Rev. S. O. Young proves himself to be a faithful and efficient pastor, and his sermons are highly spoken of. He is expecting to reap a great harvest in the near future. The Sunday-school is especially prosperous under the efficient leadership of Mr. E. T. Holbrook.

Fort Fairfield.— This charge deserves more than a passing notice. The pastors, since the building of the church edifice, have lived in the

basement, where four pleasant rooms are finished off. The present efficient pastor agrees with all the former pastors that "It is good to dwell in the house of the Lord forever," but not so pleasant to dwell under it. A new parsonage has been in the air for some time, but it has now materialized. The thing reached the climax when Mr. N. L. Richards, a prominent and wealthy business man, offered to sell his valuable home to the society for about one-half its real value, to be made a memorial to his deceased wife who was a devoted member and efficient worker. The full amount has been subscribed, the transfer has been made, the pastor has emerged from the basement of the church and entered one of the most beautiful homes to be found in Fort Fairfield. The basement is left for the growing Sunday-school and for social purposes. A house-warming is being planned for the near future which promises to be a "red letter" evening to this deserving society. Quarterly meeting was held Nov. 11, at which time 7 persons were baptized and 9 received into full membership. Rev. R. A. Colpitts has shown himself efficient in his work, and his footprints will be visible for a long time to come. Every department of the church is prospering. The mercy drops which have been falling are indications that better things are in store.

Houlton.— The nearly four years' pastorate of Rev. D. B. Phelan has been pleasant, although he inaugurated a fierce war against an annoying church debt on his first arrival in town. We trust the end is near, and that the brother will have a few days of respite before Conference. The church and parsonage property have also

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been put into first-class order, and are things of beauty. Congregations are good, and we trust showers of divine grace are imminent.

Limestone.—Various methods were adopted to celebrate the election of President McKinley, but the most unique was that employed by the church society of Limestone. Republicans and Democrats were invited to join in grading the parsonage lot, which they did with a vim becoming such an occasion. A large amount of dirt was removed and the premises greatly improved, but the pastor and presiding elder complained the next day of feeling old and stiff. Rev. E. S. Burrill is enjoying his pastorate and looking for salvation.

Lincoln.—A cheerful letter from the pastor lies before me. He writes: "We are continuing our revival meetings at South Lincoln. Four have already been converted, and we are looking for a great sweep. Rev. C. H. Johnson has patiently prosecuted the work here for nearly three years, constantly advancing against great odds and discouragements, but bound to succeed. We do earnestly pray for the salvation of Lincoln."

Hodgdon and Linneus.—Rev. W. Lermond sustained very serious injuries by being thrown from his carriage while riding with his family one day last August, which came very near being his death. He is again at his work. Energy, will and grace are great supports in this his time of need. The interests are well sustained, and pastor and people are happy.

Oldtown.—The work is in a happy and prosperous condition. Congregations are increasingly large. The pastor, Rev. F. L. Hayward, has a careful eye to all the church interests, and everything goes well. He is in demand for pulpit and lecture platform.

Orono and Stillwater.—Rev. W. B. Dukeshire wears a pleasant smile that tells us that he has a happy and contented heart. And why not? Large congregations greet him. The people sustain and love him, and do not wait till he is gone to tell him of their satisfaction. We think the work is prosperous.

Pittsfield and Palmyra.—The pastor, Rev. A. E. Luce, writes in a hopeful strain. He says: "We are holding revival meetings with good interest. Benevolences are raised in full. An old-fashioned quarterly meeting will be held on a part of the charge in December, to which the people are looking forward with great delight. All moves pleasantly."

Patten.—All things seem to conspire to bring about a stirring up of the elements in and about this beautiful town which shall culminate in the salvation of the people. The pastor is feeling the weight of souls; the people are rallying around him, and the interest is constantly increasing. Rev. G. H. Hamilton is enjoying his third year with this church, which promises to be the best. They are a grand people, always loyal and sure to make their pastor feel comfortable and happy.

Van Buren.—This new field has been put in operation. A beautiful little church is about completed, and a three days' service has been held therein. Pastors D. B. Phelan, I. G. Cheney, R. A. Colpitts, N. R. Pearson, and Presiding Elder Boynton were present and took part in the exercises, which were very much enjoyed by all. These were, we believe, the first Protestant services held in this place in about twenty years. Surely this seems like a missionary field. We have a man on his way thither, and hope the fifty Protestants will increase to a strong people.

Washburn.—Rev. I. G. Cheney is on the alert in the interests of his work. A neat and pretty parsonage has been purchased, and the pastor is cosily settled. The best of feeling prevails and all are hopeful. A new Union Church has been dedicated on one part of this charge, which we think is a mistake. More union churches and less union, according to my way of thinking. But the work goes on, for the workmen are faithful.

Smyrna Mills.—The faithful ones here are marching on to victory under the leadership of their pastor, Rev. O. A. Goodwin. A marvelous advance has been made, and the charge is in a flourishing condition.

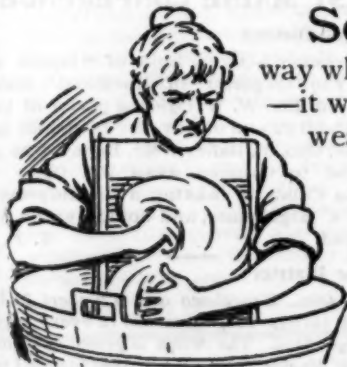
Presque Isle.—Unfortunately this people have been without a pastor thus far, but they will be supplied from now on by Rev. J. R. Remick. They have been brave and are deserving of much praise.

Mars Hill and Bridgewater.—We spent a very pleasant Sabbath with this young and growing society, and found the people loyal and courageous. New horse-sheds are being built and other improvements made. Rev. J. L. Nelson is the pastor.

Monticello and Littleton.—Rev. E. V. Allen has added to his pastoral cares the village school,

and is persuaded he can do as much there for the cause of Christ as in his regular work. The people regard him as an excellent preacher and the best teacher in many years.

The work is moving hopefully all along the line. Churches are going up, parsonages are multiplying, and revival work is the order of the day. E. H. B.



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Providence District

Attleboro. — This church has just closed a most successful series of evangelistic meetings. The pastor, Rev. Thomas Tyrie, was assisted by Rev. Dr. L. B. Bates, of Boston. The pastor began six months ago to plan for these meetings, and since the end of the vacation season has directed all his preaching and pastoral visitations toward preparing the people for the anticipated services. The result was that when Dr. Bates came he found the people ready to join at once with him in his work. Dr. Bates is a past-master in this kind of labor. He wins the sympathies of the people, creates no undue excitement, does not appeal to the emotions exclusively, but by the truth, plainly and lovingly preached, and by sane, common-sense methods he induces the impenitent to repent and turn to God. Dr. Bates is a charmer of children, and large numbers of them were interested and greatly profited by his talks to them. Not a few of them began a Christian life. The church membership has greatly awakened to new life and zeal. Fifty or more will be received on probation. Pastor Tyrie is, of course, happy.

New Bedford District

Edgartown. — The pastor, Rev. W. H. Allen, has been assisted in a three weeks' revival campaign by Rev. J. E. Fischer, of Wickford, R. I. The power of the Holy Spirit was present in a marked manner, the whole congregation at times being broken down. All departments of the work have been quickened. On Sunday, Nov. 4, 3 were received on probation, and 7 into full membership. Nov. 11, 8 were received on probation.

Taunton, Grace Church. — The Taunton Social Union was held in the beautiful chapel of this church, Nov. 12. Mr. Geo. W. Barrow, the pres-

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dent, presided. Prayer was offered by Rev. W. P. Buck, of Central Church. Mrs. L. B. West read a very interesting report from the outlook committee. The speaker of the evening was Rev. L. H. Dorchester, of People's Temple, Boston, who spoke on "Merry Medicine," to the delight and profit of all present. The pastor, Rev. B. F. Simon, has conducted a series of special meetings, being assisted by Rev. J. F. Cooper, of First Church, and Rev. S. E. Ellis, of Fairhaven. The church was quickened, and some confessed themselves on the Lord's side.

Taunton, Central Church. — "The best meeting since Conference" was held Sunday evening, Nov. 18. Meetings were held the week preceding and following. The League united with the church and furnished leaders. The prospects are very encouraging for a steady increase of the interest already manifest. The parsonage is receiving a coat of paint, the money being already in the hands of committee. Rev. W. P. Buck is pastor.

Fall River, First Church. — The February meeting of the District Ministerial Association will be held with this church. The dates are the 17th and 18th.

Chatham. — The week from Sept. 30 to Oct. 7 was observed as self-denial week. The church made a study of the benevolences. As a result the collections were increased 285 per cent. During the week there was a Sunday-school rally, a church rally and a League rally. The presiding elder preached at the opening service, Sunday, Sept. 30. At the church rally there was the roll-call, with addresses and music. Dr. Rogers conducted devotions, Rev. W. L. Ward preached the sermon, and the pastor led the altar service at the League rally. Sunday, October 7, there was communion, baptism, and reception of members, 4 received on probation, 6 in full, 3 by letter, 3 from probation, and 3 baptized. The work has been vigorously pushed by the pastor, Rev. F. L. Brooks. Special meetings are now in progress. Rev. James Tregaskis, Conference evangelist, is assisting. L. S.

Brockton and Vicinity

Brockton, Central. — On Monday evening, Nov. 12, in the auditorium of the church, by the kindness of Dr. Kaufman, this correspondent had the pleasure of listening to the Imperial Bell Ringers. It was an evening of unalloyed musical delight. Dr. Kaufman and his church are engaged in special evangelistic work. Week before last they were assisted by Rev. J. N. Patterson, of Franklin Church, Rev. G. E. Brightman, of Whitman, and Rev. A. A. Mason, of Pearl St.; also by Mr. W. Alexander Heath, of Somerville, whose rich baritone voice and sweet spiritual prayers and testimonies gave added interest to the meetings. "His singing," says Dr. Kaufman, "of 'The Bird with a Broken Wing' will long linger in the minds of those who heard it as a most impressive musical achievement." Last week Evangelist C. L. Jackson helped Dr. Kaufman. There is a manifest deepening of the spiritual life, and some have been converted.

East Bridgewater. — The Epworth and Junior Leagues of this church are active in good works. They have just sent large quantities of clothing and vegetables to the Fall River Deaconess Home. Mrs. Eva Fields, superintendent of the Home, recently gave a lecture to the League on deaconess work. On Tuesday evening, Nov. 13, Rev. G. E. Brightman conducted the service, preaching a short sermon. During the meeting one young lady consecrated her life to God.

Brockton, Franklin Church. — Dr. E. W. Clark and Mrs. Clark have just had as their guest Rev. N. W. Wilder, a former pastor at Derby, Vermont.

Campello. — Monday evening, Nov. 19, the League enjoyed a unique social. The social committee, of which Mrs. Mary A. O'Dell is the head, provided the program. This chapter has voted to co-operate with the young people's societies of the various evangelical churches of the city in the plan for holding a great no-license rally in the near future. It is hoped that by united effort Brockton may be kept in the no-license column.

Whitman. — On Sunday evening, Oct. 28, Rev. H. B. Cady, of Campello, gave a stereopticon lecture on John Wesley. A large audience greatly enjoyed Mr. Cady's interesting manner

of setting forth the life and career of the founder of Methodism. Universal regret is expressed at the contemplated removal of Mr. J. E. Tibbetts and family. They will make their winter home in Boston. This is a serious blow to Methodism in Whitman. Indeed, every good cause will miss the counsel and help of Mr. and Mrs. Tibbetts. They are generous givers and judicious advisers. But the pastor at Whitman says that the genial personality and intelligent leadership of Mr. Tibbetts, and the charming woman-

liness of Mrs. Tibbetts, will be missed more than all else.

Brockton, Pearl St. — The annual harvest home supper and entertainment of the Anna Carr Chapter, Epworth League, was held, Nov. 16, in the vestry, and it was a signal success in every respect. Mrs. Elizabeth A. Wilbar, a member of our church, held a reception, Nov. 8, at her home on Pearl St., celebrating her 90th birthday. Mrs. Wilbar was born in South Boston, Nov. 8, 1810. Her faculties, especially her mem-



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G. E. B.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Boston District

Worcester.—The November Preachers' Meeting was held in Clinton. The brethren who habitually stay away from these gatherings of

the preachers must reckon with their consciences. An honest effort is being made to make these meetings of profit. This meeting had a symposium all its own on the Higher Criticism of the Bible. In the morning Rev. J. H. Humphrey read a paper on "The Pentateuch in the Light of Higher Criticism." In the afternoon Rev. H. H. Paine had for his theme, "The Fourth Gospel in the Light of Higher

Criticism." Both of these papers were carefully prepared, broad in their sympathy, and earnest in their spirit to find out the truth. The meeting arranged for a two days' Conference on the Forward Movement, to be held at Grace Church, Dec. 6 and 7. It was announced that Bishops J. M. Thoburn and W. F. Mallaleu and Presiding Elder Perrin would be present. A committee consisting of the six Worcester pastors

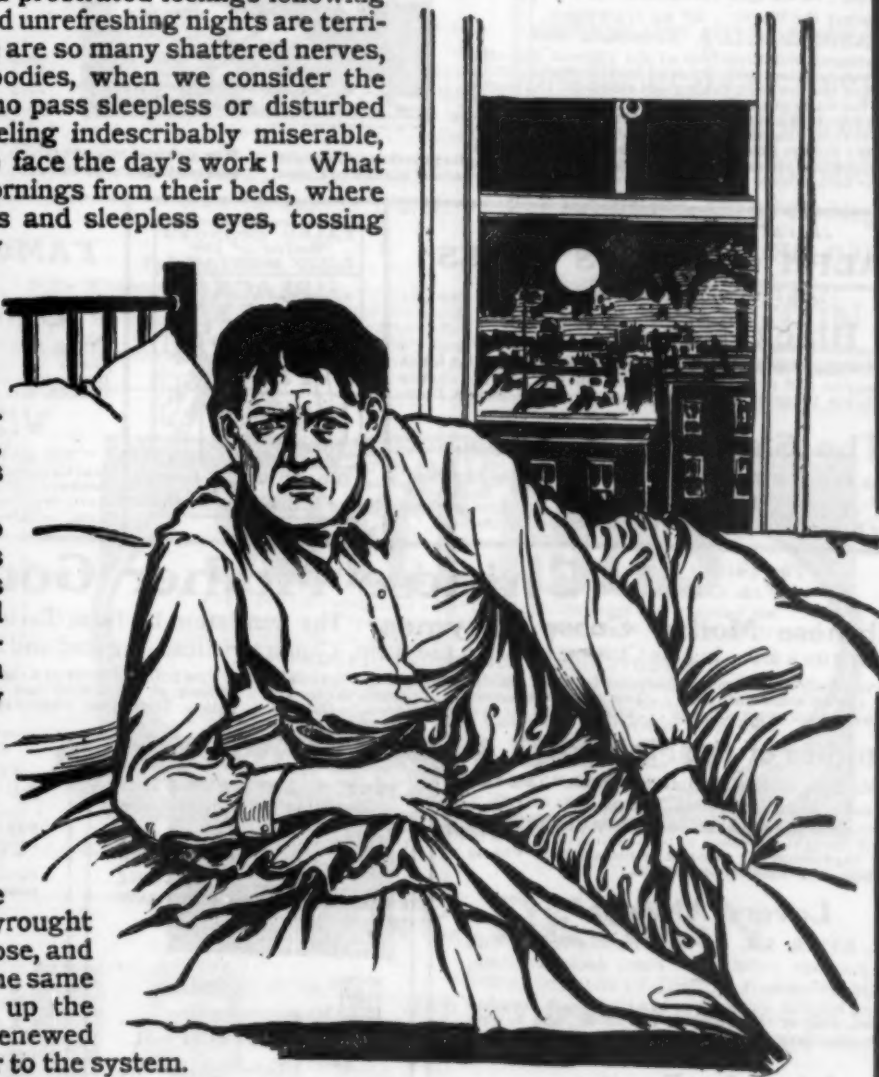
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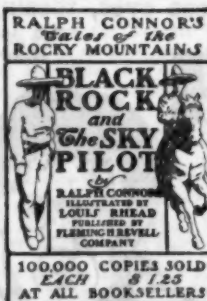
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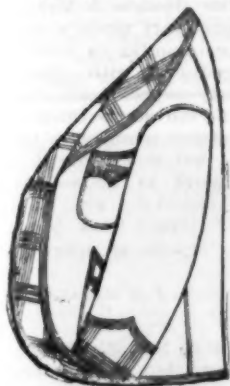
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POST OFFICE ADDRESS

Bishop Foster, after Dec. 1, Smyrna, Delaware, till further notice.

W. F. M. S.—The regular monthly meeting of the Executive Board will be held in the Committee Room, 36 Bromfield St., Dec. 12, at 10 a. m. A. W. PHINNEY, Rec. Sec.

BROTHERHOOD OF METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The third annual convention of the Brotherhood of the Methodist Episcopal Church will be held in the Washington Square Church (W. 4th St., near 7th Ave.), New York city, Thursday, Dec. 13. A mass meeting will be held in the evening at Calvary Church, to be addressed by Dr. A. B. Kendig, the general vice-president, and other Brotherhood workers.

T. B. NEELY, Pres.

F. WINSLOW ADAMS, Cor. Sec.

DEDICATION AT MADISON, MAINE.—The dedication of the new church in Madison, Me., will occur Dec. 13. The exercises will begin the evening before, and meetings will continue over the Sabbath. Maine Conference preachers are invited. If you can come, notify Rev. S. E. Leech at Madison and you will be entertained.

BOSTON PREACHERS' MEETING.—At the next meeting, Dec. 10, it is expected that Dr. W. P. Thirkield, of Cincinnati, will be present and speak. Rev. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, will give an address on a historical theme selected for him, but at his request not to be announced.

W. F. M. S.—Miss Miranda Croucher is to visit the following places in the interest of the work of the New England Branch: Dec. 12, Pittsfield; 26, Concord District; January, New Haven District (northern division) and Rhode Island; Jan. 9, Fitchburg District; Jan. 13, Springfield District; Jan. 22, New York District; Feb. 1, New Haven District; Feb. 23, Portland, Me. East Maine Conference Societies wishing to hear Miss Croucher will kindly communicate with their respective district secretaries for dates.

CLEMENTINA BUTLER,
JULIA F. SMALL,

W. F. M. S.—There will be a meeting of the Norwich District, Western Division, in the Methodist Church at Warehouse Point, Conn., on Tuesday, Dec. 13. Sessions at 10 and 2. Miss Elsie Wood, of Peru, South America, will address the meeting. It is hoped that every auxiliary on the district will be represented and have written reports to present. Basket lunch.

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BOSTON WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY CLUB.

—The Boston Wesleyan University Club, Rev. C. A. Littlefield, president, will hold its annual dinner at the Westminster, Copley Square, on Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 6.30 o'clock. A special fraternal guest from another college will be President W. J. Tucker, of Dartmouth.

EDWARD L. MILLS, Sec.

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OBITUARIES

The port of Peace and Perfect Day
Are just across the azure way;
Whoever strikes his earthly tent,
We will not wonder that he went,
We will not say that he has died,
But only gone the other side.

— Benjamin F. Taylor.

Perkins. — Mrs. N. C. Perkins died at her late residence at E. N. Yarmouth, Me., Oct. 6, 1900, at the advanced age of 75 years.

Mrs. Perkins spent nearly all of her long, useful life in this town. By her death the Methodist Church here loses one of its oldest and most respected members. She joined this church more than twenty-five years ago and was a faithful member till death summoned her to the church triumphant.

The last fifteen years of her life were full of sorrow. She was called to lay away father, mother and sisters, and experienced in her own life much sickness and pain. But her trust in God was firm, although she often longed to fly away and be at rest. A few weeks before she died, as she was sitting up for a few minutes, though very weak and believing the end near, she said: "During all my long life I can say that God has always been good to me and He will not leave me now." And while one led in prayer her "amens" were frequent. She soon after lost consciousness, from which she never rallied. On the evening of Oct. 6 she passed peacefully away to her happy reward. Her end was peace.

J. H. E. RICKARD.

Davis. — Mrs. Maria E., widow of W. S. Davis, was born in Switzerland, Feb. 25, 1826, and died in Concord, N. H., July 3, 1900.

She was married in Troy, N. Y., June 20, 1849, and proved herself a helpmate indeed for the active and forceful man of her choice. Her devotion to her family was deep, constant, wise, and Christian, so that her children rise up and call her blessed. The children surviving her are: Dr. Frederick W., of Cleveland, O.; William H. and Charles A., of Concord, N. H.; Francis S., of Acton, Mass.; Mrs. Harriet Young, of Sunapee, N. H.; and Marie R., wife of Rev. Thomas Whiteside, of the New Hampshire Conference.

Devoted to the interests of Baker Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she was a charter member, Mrs. Davis ably and continuously seconded the earnest work of her husband in that church while he lived and held it in her warmest sympathies until she passed to the church triumphant. From the organization of the church she carefully prepared the elements for the Lord's Supper for every occasion of its administration. She was a good woman, and a circle of strong personal friends lament their loss.

At the funeral services, July 6, Rev. William H. Hutchin, her pastor, officiated, assisted by Rev. C. D. Hills, D. D. Her mortal remains were deposited in the family lot in Blossom Hill Cemetery in Concord.

Brush. — Ella L. (Norton) Brush was born in Fairfax, Vt., Sept. 4, 1868, and died in the same town, Sept. 4, 1900.

She was "gloriously" saved in the winter of 1885 during the pastorate of Rev. Joseph Enright, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she ever remained a faithful and useful member. She was one of the most active and helpful members of the Epworth League, and for several years had charge of the large primary class in the Sunday-school; and it was pitiful to hear her little scholars inquire during her long sickness, "When will Mrs. Brush come again?" Her pleasant face and Christian teaching will never be forgotten by

those with whom she was associated, and the whole community as well as the church sincerely mourns her absence. Her husband, S. W. Brush, has been for several years Sunday-school superintendent, and she was especially helpful to him in the work committed to his trust. Her prayers and testimonies were always a comfort and encouragement to all who were privileged to hear them, and especially so to her pastor.

Mrs. Brush leaves a husband and one little son, a father, one sister, a brother, and a large circle of friends, to mourn their loss. Surely this can be said of Ella: "She hath done what she could."

Her funeral was attended at the home of her husband's father, Mr. C. H. Brush, by the writer, where beautiful flowers and falling tears attested the esteem in which she was held by the many present.

A. W. FORD.

Kenworthy. — Mrs. Ida Kenworthy, wife of John Kenworthy, of Hampden, Mass., and daughter of Rev. W. T. Miller, of East Longmeadow, after a long and severe illness died in Springfield, Mass., July 16, 1900. Born in Shrewsbury, Mass., Sept. 1, 1861, she came as a blessing indeed to her father's home, in which she continued a constant comfort.

Mrs. Kenworthy gave her heart to God when a child, and always lived a pure Christian life, a help to her parents in the various charges where they labored. Of her it might well be said, "to live was Christ and to die was gain." She was truly loyal to her family, and this no doubt led her to hold tenaciously to the hope of ultimate recovery. Her faith in her Saviour rose supreme to all, and she accepted the Divine wisdom as best. Her brave effort for life in the interest of her friends was more than ordinarily heroic. She was kindly cared for till the last, and greatly appreciated all that was done in her interest. She is greatly missed in her home and in the church, but since the Master has called her away to the heavenly rest her friends rejoice that for her "it is well." On some glad morning in "the will of God," they hope to meet again.

A. W. B.

Giddings. — Henry Giddings was born in Clarendon, Vt., July 19, 1824, and died in Fairfax, Vt., Sept. 5, 1900.

Mr. Giddings was converted Feb. 26, 1835, in his home. His wife had for many years been a faithful Christian and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and because of that faithfulness and in answer to her prayers her whole family, consisting of husband, one son, and three daughters, was brought to a knowledge of the saving grace of God. The conversion of Mr. Giddings was remarkable and thorough. During a series of meetings under the pastorate of Rev. Joseph Enright, of blessed memory, who was being assisted by the writer and Rev. N. L. Larned, Mrs. Giddings came to the altar with her twin daughters; the son, Herbert E., immediately followed, and the three were converted that night. Before leaving the church that night the son promised the writer that he would erect a family altar before retiring, which he did; and at the morning meal the father asked God's blessing upon the food and family, and joined them in the family worship, which he continued to do until his last sickness prevented. He afterward said he had a very uncomfortable evening while the family was at church, and when he heard his children praying for him he thought it was high time for him to begin to pray for them and for himself. He immediately joined the church and was made a steward, and remained "a faithful and useful member of the church militant" till he was called to "the fellowship of the church triumphant which is without fault before the throne of God."

His funeral was attended by the undersigned, who, with a multitude of friends, mourns the loss of a good man and a faithful friend.

A. W. FORD.

Fales. — Gilman W. Fales was born in Thomaston, Me., in 1837, and died there, Sept. 28, 1900.

Mr. Fales' parents were devout Christians who taught their children to obey the Bible and love the public school, thus causing them to become earnest lovers of Christ and patriotic Americans. At the age of fourteen he was soundly converted and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He became a faithful worker in the Sunday-school and the church services, and was recognized throughout the community as a

young man of noble purposes and consistent Christian living.

In 1862 he enlisted in the 40th Reg. Mass. Vol. Infantry, and participated in many hard-fought battles in defense of the Stars and Stripes. In battle, in camp, and on the long, hard march, he exemplified the sturdy qualities of a Christian soldier, never flinching in danger, never grumbling at hardships, always ready to witness for Christ, and always reliable and truthful, while ever an advocate of civil and religious liberty.

After the war was ended Mr. Fales returned to Thomaston, married Miss Georgia A. Young, and with her for thirty-one years made a true Christian home. Both were active in church life. His church honored him with official trusts, and the community respected his sterling integrity. In 1898 he moved to Chelsea, Mass., and became an active member of the Mt. Bellingham Church; but meeting with a severe accident he returned to Thomaston, where he died. His last testimony was: "I'll go with Him all the way." Earth grew better because he lived in it, and heaven is richer because he has gone there.

N. T. WHITAKER.

Baylies. — At the age of 66, Mrs. Zillah Baylies, of North Dighton, Mass., left earth's cares and joys to be forever with God. On the morning of Oct. 15, 1900, she was not, for God had taken her.

For more than a year Mrs. Baylies was stricken for death, but made a brave fight for the loved privilege of living. However, with trust and confidence she saw the end approaching. The Twenty-third Psalm had been of marvelous help to her in all her Christian life, and He who had led her by still waters and in peaceful pastures was with her through the dark valley of shade, and her heart knew no fear while He was by her side.

She had been for many years a true member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in North Dighton. Quiet in her manner, sturdy in her convictions, she prized and loved the ministrations of God's house. Carrying the lessons of the Sabbath into her work, she looked well to her household and ate not the bread of idleness.

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We do not deliberately form our pet habits, but they are unconsciously acquired and grow as we grow, and by the time we learn they are hurting us, we find them too strong to be easily broken.

Then why not form a good habit, a habit which will counteract the many bad ones, in other words contract the unfashionable habit of being always well.

The best health habit to get into is to have and keep a vigorous stomach; if you have a healthy digestion, you can drink your beloved coffee, with little or no harm; the mischief begins when these things are forced upon the faithful stomach, without any assistance.

Form the habit of taking after meals some harmless but efficient digestive which will relieve the stomach of so much extra work.

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ness; and withal was ever mindful of the claims of her neighbors for help and cheer.

Her husband, one son, three daughters and many dear friends mourn their loss. The influence of her life of trust, integrity and true devotion remains to them a precious possession to be sacredly kept as long as memory shall last.

H. H. C.

Morrill. — Caroline Abbot Morrill was born in Haverhill, N. H., in June, 1827, and died in Rumney, N. H., Oct. 18, 1900, after a lingering illness.

Mrs. Morrill was converted to God when quite young, in Haverhill, N. H. Soon after, she moved to Rumney, N. H., where a Methodist church was formed, she being one of its early members, and continuing intensely interested in the same until death separated her from the church militant to join the church triumphant.

It is fitting that when a Christian who has borne the burden in the heat of the day, and has mingled in religious and social life for many years, departs this life, we should pause and meditate awhile on the influence of such a life. As long as her health would allow she was active for the cause she loved. The camp-ground at the Weirs, where she had spent so many happy hours, was a real delight to her. Last summer she visited this hallowed place for the last time. Coming home, her physical powers waned rapidly, but her interest in God and His cause did not cease, but continued to the end.

Especially marked were the patience and fortitude with which she bore the gradual wasting away of her strength during the last days of her illness, and the triumphant confidence with which she looked forward to the end. Death to her was only the opening of a door into the larger life. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

DANA COTTON.

Cox. — Beth Haven Cox died in Malden, Mass., April 21, 1900. She was the daughter of Lemuel Cox, one of the early and influential members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Malden, and Sarah O. Cox, the eldest and only surviving sister of Bishop Gilbert Haven.

Miss Cox was brought up in the church, and united with it in her youth. She was always very much interested in its work. Few preachers have had more attentive listeners and more appreciative critics. She was gifted in many ways. Her love of nature was marked. She would spend hours alone in the beautiful woods about her native town, now a part of the metropolitan park system of Boston, and she enjoyed the ocean in all its moods intensely. She had all the sympathies of the artist, and was a judge of various forms of artistic expression. She was peculiarly sensitive to color and had an uncommon taste in all such matters.

A high spirit in her struggled against limitations of health, and her life did not reveal to the many the noticeable gifts which were recognized by the nearer circle of her intimates. She was an invalid much of her life. She was, however, able to be active in many charities, and was very sympathetic toward the poor for whose comfort she did even beyond her strength.

Her final illness was brief and very painful.

H.

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Corner-stone Laying at Boston Highlands

On Monday, Dec. 3, the corner-stone of the new Boston Highlands Methodist Episcopal Church was laid with the usual ceremonies. It is located on the corner of Washington and Dakota Streets, New Dorchester, on the main thoroughfare, a commanding corner lot on the heights. When completed, it has been voted to name it the "Bishop Gilbert Haven Memorial Church." About two and a half years ago the Boston Highlands and Mt. Bowdoin churches united to form a new society, the proceeds of the old Highlands Church to be a nucleus for the new edifice. The choice site was bought for \$10,500, and is paid for. For nearly two years the church could not decide on the kind of church they could build. Since Conference all former plans have been entirely abandoned, and by the unanimous vote of the quarterly conference the decision was made to erect a church of stone and shingle, to seat 600, and not to cost more than \$25,000 entirely furnished. Also to build a parsonage, to cost not more than \$5,000 all above the cost of the land. The pastor, Rev. W. H. Meredith, moved into the new house the day before Thanksgiving. It is one of the very best parsonages in the Conference. Interest on the money borrowed by the quarterly conference will be less than the church was paying for rents of Norfolk Hall and parsonage. A subscription list of about \$2,000, payable in October last, was secured. About one-quarter of the amount has been collected, and more will yet be secured. The Church Aid collections last year yielded \$587.55.

The constituency of this church is small, and includes no wealthy members at present. The outlook for the church in this community is good, and the people are perfectly united on the building enterprise and are hopeful. They need the prayers, sympathy, and practical help of Boston Methodism in order to here build up a strong church, which will be a benediction to the community. Work is being rushed on the building as fast as consistent with safety. No time has been set for moving into it. At the dedication our readers may expect a picture and detailed statements.

At the corner-stone laying on last Monday

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afternoon Bishop Mallalieu and Rev. E. H. Hughes, of Malden, made fitting and inspiring addresses; and Rev. Drs. W. T. Perrin, J. H. Mansfield, J. W. Lindsay, and G. A. Crawford, and Revs. J. W. Stephan and C. Tilton participated in the services.

It will be interesting to the Methodist public to know that People's Temple, Boston, is coming into demand for high-grade musical functions. Mr. H. G. Tucker is using the Temple this winter for five first-class concerts. Two have already been given, one by Mr. G. W. Chadwick's Worcester Festival Chorus, rendering the Beatitudes, and the other by Emil Paur and his New York orchestra, in a Symphony Concert rendering Wagner music. The daily press of Boston has made repeated allusions to the superior acoustic properties of the Temple and the advantage of its amphitheatrical auditorium over the rectangular Music Hall. As a sample of what the press is saying we quote the following from last week's *Transcript* account of Emil Paur's Symphony Concert: "The hall was a delightful surprise in its

fine adaptability to the rendering of orchestral music; in the strenuous passages the volume was, indeed, almost overpowering, but the lighter and more delicate moods could have found no more suitable environment. The audience included so many of the well-known musical people of the city that it suggested a collective transference from Symphony Hall." "Chatterer" in the *Boston Herald* said of the same concert: "Though the People's Temple is far from being as beautiful as Symphony Hall, I would rather hear an orchestra there than in that pallid and proper auditorium," with Mr. Paur as conductor. "For what a delightful concert we had the other night!"

Of special interest to Epworth Leaguers is the following dispatch from Chicago, which appeared in the *New York Times* of Dec. 1: "The Trans-Continental Passenger Association held a meeting here today for the purpose of deciding upon a rate for the Epworth League Convention, to be held in San Francisco next summer. A fifty-dollar round-trip rate from Chicago and return has been proposed, and it is almost certain to be made, if not by agreement, by independent action on the part of one or other of the lines."

Those ministers who would be glad to have the great cause of Missions presented to their congregations by a missionary, may avail themselves of the assistance of Rev. F. H. Morgan, who has just returned from Singapore and who may be addressed at 1 Albion St., Lawrence, Mass. Mr. Morgan is available for a Sunday address or a week-night illustrated lecture. We heartily commend him to the favorable attention of our ministers and churches.

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